

THE
CORRESPONDENCE
OF
TWO LOVERS,
INHABITANTS OF LYONS.

PUBLISHED FROM THE FRENCH ORIGINALS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

Mortem orant; tædet cæli convexa fueri.

VIRG.

L O N D O N:

Sold by T. HOOKHAM, New Bond Street; and
G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, Paternoster Row.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

THE

CORRESPONDENCE

TWO VOLUMES

IMPRISONMENT OF LYONS

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH ORIGINALS

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY T. BOKMAN, 155 N. 3RD ST.,
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ERRATA.

VOL. III.

- P. 90, l. 8, *for displeased with*, read provoked at.
- P. 97, l. 9, *for told*, read informed.
- P. 145, l. 3, *for find*, read enjoy.
- P. 147, l. 22, *for compared*, read compare.
- P. 151, l. 13, *for another*, read a future.
- P. 159, l. 10, *for it*, read her.
- P. 163, l. 5, *for resume*, read resumes.
- P. 167, l. 1, *for XLVI*, read LXVI.
- P. 177, l. 2, *dele at*.
- P. 183, l. 21, *for that*, read this.

111 307

100	1	for 100, read 100
101	1	for 100, read 100
102	1	for 100, read 100
103	1	for 100, read 100
104	1	for 100, read 100
105	1	for 100, read 100
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117	1	for 100, read 100
118	1	for 100, read 100
119	1	for 100, read 100
120	1	for 100, read 100

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

TWO LOVERS

LETTER II

TERESA, TO THE CURATE.

IT is all over! Darkness surrounds me; my attachment to earth is dissolved! My mother, my friend, my tutelar angel, is no more! And do I still breathe? Why did I not descend with her to the tomb? Wretch! I have lost every thing, yet continue in existence! A dismal future opens be-

fore me; I am crushed by the weight of my grief; I die every moment. I resolved to write to you; but my tears blind, my sighs choke me, I am unable to trace two lines with my pen——My God! whose power snatched her from me, why didst thou separate us? Why did we not expire together? I behold her still, collecting her strength to encourage me to live, struggling with Heaven in prayers to make me happy. Best of mothers! is it possible that I should be happy, when thou art no more? Can thy daughter possess a moment's enjoyment without thee? No, I cannot entertain so base a wish as earthly felicity; the remainder of my life must be spent in tears; and I foresee that it's duration will not be long. Ah! when will the day come in which I shall reunite myself with thy venerable ashes, deposite my heart next to thine, and find
in

in thy bosom that peace which the world denies me? Thy virtue was my asylum; I was less diffident of my own strength, when I had enjoyed thy conversation; persuasion flowed in honeyed accents from thy lips; I confided my distresses to thee, and received the balm of consolation. O mother adored! and worthy to be for whatever pleasure I have known, has flowed from thy bounty. How often didst thou enliven my desponding soul with the dawning hope of happiness! Thy presence restored me to joy; a glance from thee reminded me of my duty. My imagination still traces the pleasing images of my childhood, and the delightful days which I have passed in thy company. What a careful attention to form my manners! What a charm pervaded all thy lessons! With what authority was every syllable from thee impressed on my heart! Alas! I was too blest; such a por-

tion of happiness does not belong to this sublunary sphere. I am impatient to burst these narrow limits, and pant for dissolution. Ah! who now remains to comfort me? You know, Sir, you know, whether she loved me! You were the confident of her mind; you have seen how she flew to anticipate my desires; how a tear from me alarmed her maternal sensibility, how she watched over me with every glance of her affectionate eyes! What tears flowed at our separation! What joy sparkled, when we met again! What tender anxiety she expressed at my least uneasiness! She seemed to enjoy nothing in her daughter's absence. Alas! I did not love her half enough; I was engrossed by my foolish passion; and now weep over her cold dust that slumbers insensible of my sorrow. To her I address my lamentations; I call on her, I seek for her, but behold her no more!

more ! The bed, the room, the furniture, the places where I used to see her; the clothes which invested her, all aggravate my loss, and plunge me in despair. I can find her no where, yet every spot recalls her to my mind. My sole relief is to pour my griefs in the bosom of my cousin; a consolation of which I shall soon be deprived. She and her mother defer their departure only till the return of my father, who is to be here in a few days. Your friend has disappeared. I desired him to forbear his visits, and, acknowledging the necessity, he submits to it. What hope remains of our future union ? It must no more be thought of. Woe to me ! that I ever indulged the illusion. How could I trust to the flattering promises of felicity ? Felicity ! a very name, or no where to be found, but in the tomb ! O most affectionate and generous mother, exalted now far above

our empty joys and poignant sufferings, if thou deignest to survey human scenes, if thou reservest in thy bosom a spark of that fondness which in life glowed so fervently for thy daughter, watch over her from thy celestial residence! Still be her guide and her support! Never suffer her to stray from the sublime laws of honour and virtue enforced by thy example! Draw after thee this wretched being, which will languish on earth, till in thy arms it reposes from its troubles! Thus, Sir, I exclaim over her sepulchre, where I pass whole days, bathed in tears, despairing to see her more, yet unable to forsake the cold, insensible marble that forms a barrier between us.

LET-

LETTER LI.

THE CURATE TO TERESA.

WHAT dreadful news you communicate to me! So sudden and unexpected a death! Yet it is an alleviation, that this excellent mother had been long prepared by pious resignation for her last hour; she did not delay till the approach of that awful period the disposal of her soul to appear before it's Maker; she has drawn near his throne with the acceptable offering of a life spotless and lovely with every virtue. She at length enjoys undisturbed, heavenly repose, while we are tost by the storms of earthly instability. I shudder at anticipating the imbittered moments of my declining age! What painful reflections will be added to the infirmities which

inevitably await me! Ill at ease as I was, when I received your letter, it has increased the violence of my disorder; and I am now confined to my bed with the accumulated load of my own and your distress. Gracious God! what are we, fated to drag a miserable existence through a host of increasing difficulties, and all our efforts to support life end, alas! in death. I would ere now have been with you, were my strength equal to undertake the journey; for it grieves me beyond description to be absent from you in this hour of extreme affliction. In the name of Providence! do not yield to despair. Lift up your heart, my dear daughter, to that Being who wounds and who can heal! Shall we, vile atoms, children of the dust, dare utter a complaint under the chastisements of his wise dispensation? Who among us is so perfect as not to have incurred the divine displeasure? Let

us

us humble ourselves under his rod, and be grateful that he does not refer our punishment to another world, but is satisfied with our tasting of the bitter potion prepared by his justice for guilty creatures in this transitory system. Man has no title to felicity, while he crawls through this vale of tears. To suffer, to decay, to die is his lot. It might have been less severe; the Sovereign Disposer of all things, who was pleased to vivify with his breath these insignificant particles of matter, who condescended to call them, from the inert state in which they lay, to receive the impressions of motion, might (had he chosen it) in the narrow space of their duration have scattered some flowers over the path that leads to the dark realms of the grave. But is it not probable that this point of time called life, is only a period of probation, and that our earthly pilgrimage terminates in everlasting

lasting happiness? We are encouraged by a belief of the divine clemency to hope for a better world, and days of unclouded sunshine. For me, when shall I be delivered from the fetters which confine me? When shall I approach the throne of the God whom I adore with this address? I have endured the toils which were imposed by thee for my task; the earth which I have left behind has often been moistened with the dews of my brow, and the fountains of my eyes; I have sustained the conflict allotted to virtue, and appear before thee for my reward; with the weaknesses inseparable from humanity, I humbly make thee an offering of some good works as an atonement. I was a man, consequently subject to error, and exposed to the influence of the passions, but I have done the good within my power, and throw myself on thy mercy.—Dear Teresa, dry your streaming eyes, your
lamented

lamented mother intercedes for you with the Almighty; her views are still directed to the welfare of her child; she cannot with indifference see you a prey to affliction; even now she is zealous to obtain from the Immortal Source of all virtue the assistance you so much need. Why sigh? Why weep? my daughter, can our lamentations extend the period of life assigned to the creature of a day? What is this world, but a passage where innumerable travellers succeed each other with an alarming rapidity? It is but an accumulation of wrecks which began with the birth of ages, with the tyranny of Time's infant career. Every connection must be broken, every friendship forgotten, every affection abandoned, while we are swallowed up in that unknown abyss from which nothing emerges! Yet your mother has not left you for ever; you shall behold her again another day; she is

but gone before you; she waits for your arrival; yet a little while, and you shall meet together never more to separate. Have you not learned the philosophy of enduring a short absence? At that solemn hour which shall restore you to her embraces, think what transports will attend your reunion! Yes, I am confident the time approaches when we shall appear in the same place, and salute each other with the congratulations of a holy friendship. Happy abode! where interest, ambition, hatred, and the meaner passions connected with humanity dare not enter; where every sentiment, refined from earthly impurity, shall shine in all the radiance of virtue; where nothing but what is noble and divine shall have admission to our bosoms.—Alas! while I endeavour to impart consolation, my eyes swell with rising tears, and the image of that heavenly woman destroys

stroy the harmony of my soul. O
 irreparable loss of such a friend! for
 whom I weep, and ever shall, while
 a sojourner here. Long it cannot be,
 blest shade! ere I shall follow in thy
 path. My frame already feels the ap-
 proach of it's decay; I am oppressed
 with the load of years; grief imbitters
 the days of my declining age; the
 world is enveloped in the sable hor-
 rors of night; mirth is a stranger to
 me; hope abandons me; and I wish
 for nothing but an asylum in the
 tomb.

LET

LETTER LIII.

FALDONI TO TERESA.

WILL my Teresa consume in everlasting sighs? Should not sorrow admit of bounds when evils are without remedy? Ah! cruel friend, I remember the time that I had some right to the disposal of your days; you promised me to exist only for me; you cherished life for my sake alone. I am too sensible that time is no more; but cannot friendship, setting love out of the question, reconcile you to a continuance in the world? I am told that you are drowned in tears; that grief swallows up every other sentiment in your bosom; that you have even formed a design of following my patroness to the tomb! Ah! Teresa, may we not then join our lamentations

tions for her loss? Do you refuse me for a partner in your grief? Or, determined to die, do you esteem me unworthy to accompany you? If your heart is not shut to the tender petitions of love, I conjure you to hear me! As our misfortunes are in common, we should assist each other to bear them. Let us be animated to this duty by the image of that virtuous mother ever in our view. Reverence her last will; which you know was that we should be united. Why is that adorable woman not still living, she who only breathed to do good? I should have nothing then to apprehend from futurity; the days of my well-being would continue to flow under her direction. Happy days! which I knew not sufficiently to value. Moments of equal delight and rapidity, ye will return no more! The voice of your father must soon be obeyed; you will have to struggle with an
 autho-

authority which it is almost impious
 to resist ; your generous sensibility
 will be awakened ; his prayers, his
 tears, his urgent entreaties will sub-
 due you ; and I from the golden
 pinnacle of hope shall be plung-
 ed in the gloomy abyfs of despair.
 Heavens ! must I forego my title to
 your heart ? You, whom I love with
 all the powers of my soul, and shall
 continue to love while I breathe, will
 you deprive me of that treasure which
 I fondly call my own ? Every thing
 tends to increase my fears ; you have
 already forbidden me to see you again ;
 and I write to you with a trembling
 hand. Our friends are scattered ;
 one is gone to the abodes of the just ;
 another is on the point of following ;
 the venerable pastor groans under a
 load of infirmities ; his heavenly mind
 pines with the languor of his body ;
 perhaps we shall lose him too. Alas !
 he is too good for this world. The
 wicked,

wicked, the persecutors live in it, they seem immortal. In vain do the injured hope for a respite in their death; they strike deep root in the earth; their marble hearts are not affected with the woes of others to whom they are strangers; nor even by the evils that happen in their own families; they are impassive. Years roll on years over their heads, and at the end of a century the sun, that sees such innumerable changes, beholds them the same. But the son of sensibility is a slave to the elements, to the climates, to the seasons, to the whole circle of nature. Every thing affects and disturbs him; the tears of the stranger call forth fountains from his eyes; he is the pensive associate of every mourner; his frame, too delicately formed, early wears away with sympathetic tenderness; and he drops in the midst of his career. I have lost myself in losing the sight of you;

I tra-

I traverse the rocks and the woods; examine every place where I have formerly beheld you; and retrace those charming walks through which we daily loitered; but all is a vast desert. Declining autumn tinges my soul with deeper melancholy; the leaves that fall on every side, the withered herbage of the plain, those images of mourning and desolation thrill me with horror; and I sigh to find myself a lonely survivor amid the ravages of time. The destructive power that rears his triumphant sceptre over the world, reminds me of the awful moment when you and I shall be no more. Yesterday as the setting sun shed his mild lustre over the meadows, I surveyed that lovely valley and the margin of the river, whither I have so often accompanied you; but you not being there, to stay a quarter of an hour appeared intolerably tedious. On entering the orchard, I
recollected

recollected the having gathered fruit there with you; I looked up at the tree from whence I shook a shower of walnuts at your feet; nor can you divine the sad sensation that possessed me. Indeed I can no longer endure those scenes which are not blessed with your presence. Permit me to see you! Are your relations tygers, that their habitation is inaccessible? Dear Teresa, how dreadful is your absence! For twenty days life has been a torture to me. Adieu repose!— If sleep seizes me a moment, I awake to agony; having no hopes to see you the rest of the day. The dread that I shall never view you again renders death desirable; I call him to my assistance, but call in vain. Yet how is my anguish increased when I fancy what you must suffer! I sometimes say, had she not loved me, she had been happy; one more favoured by fortune had won her hand. But,
Teresa,

Teresa, could he have loved thee as I?
My angelic friend, do not think it;
yet still more do not reproach your-
self with my sufferings. They form
my felicity; I enjoy my tears; the
memory of you is my consolation;
the hope of not being indifferent to
you communicates, amid my tor-
ments, an extatic charm. What can
fate, with all it's malice, while I pos-
sess the esteem of my beauteous
friend?

LET-
Teresa,
by fortune had won her hand. But
had been happy; one more favoured
times day, had she not loved me, the
I fancy what you must suffer! I have
yet how is my anguish increased when
him to my assistance, but call in vain.
gain respects death desirable; I call
dread that I shall never view you a-
see you the rest of the day. The
wake to agony; having no hopes to
It deep torments me a moment, I a-
ture to me. Adieu - repose!

LETTER LIV.

TERESA TO FALDONI.

YOU have then been informed of my condition! I wished to conceal it from you, and with that view principally was solicitous for your removal. It was my desire to bleed in the sequestered shade, the lonely victim of despair. That alarming future which offers nothing but deprivations, absences, persecutions, sacrifices; that period which I tremble to think of, plunges my soul in the depth of anguish. It is too certain that the days of happiness are no more; they have descended with that tender mother to the tomb. Adieu! evening hope, love, union of hearts! Adieu to all! We have only to weep for past pleasures, and evils yet

yet to come. Had we but the privilege of a free correspondence, could I convey my letters to you every day, were it in my power to send you tokens of my remembrance and affection, I might in some degree bear with this separation. But to depend on chance for an opportunity of conversing together, not even to dare pronounce your name, is a torture I can never endure. Dear and only object of my tenderest affections! is our felicity really vanished? Will our golden days return no more? Nothing then is left for us but to regret the pleasures we have suffered to escape. Hard condition! What must you endure! I feel your distresses, and these alone; my own are of no account. Yes, let the vengeance of fate be wreaked on my head; so you are happy! This is the prayer of your mistress. Dear Faldoni, will you never forget me? Will your affection for me always continue?

continue? The assurance of your love would comfort me in the midst of my severest sufferings. I am obliged to appear calm and composed; but how remote is serenity from my heart! I dare to weep only in private, in the bosom of my cousin; she fondly hopes to dry my tears, to cut off their source; I leave the dear girl to her amiable mistake, since it gives her generous heart satisfaction; but I feel myself that the streams of grief will flow till I recover my happiness. How zealous she is to serve me! With what patience does she hear my complaints! Next to your's, nothing but her friendship can render my life supportable.—Heavens! What a change! This is the hour at which you used to visit me; but she returns without you! I wish, look for you; my heart calls a thousand times on your name. My friend, my best beloved, Ah! come! I can no longer sustain the
trial.

trial of your absence. Come! let me but see you, and I shall be content. For two hours yesterday I continued leaning out of a window which overlooks the plain, without a sight of the desired object. All the world passed by, excepting you. What can have become of you! I waited in vain expectation; my tears gushed in swifter rills, and I at last threw myself on the bed, in deeper agonies of despair.

I have this moment left that alluring window, with just strength to sit down. O my friend, I have seen you, and fled from the sight. My knees failed me, life itself. I die every instant; yet hoped to have been more serene, but my grief increases. Such extreme despair has seized me, I know not where it will end——But dearest friend, I will live to love you; only recollect your own vows, and I will be true to mine; not all the powers
of

of nature combined shall shake my constancy. I feel a spirit within me able to surmount every obstacle. Thy heart beats in mine; this is my strength, most adored of thy sex; trust to it, we shall still be happy. I was in despair of ever seeing you again; but now feel wonderful compecture. The winter will soon bring us nearer; we shall have a thousand opportunities of being together; we shall be able to meet every where; and we may multiply occasions by our prudence. Let us drop writing letters, unless we can discover a safer method of conveyance. It would distress me beyond expression should our correspondence be discovered. I think it dangerous too for you to continue longer at my nurse's house; my brother in his hunting parties may pass that way; our servants may make the discovery; you are inexcusable for choosing such a place of residence in the neighbourhood;

VOL. III. C hood;

hood; it may become suspected, and do us both a prejudice.

The Chevalier has just arrived with my father; the former folded me in his arms with such friendship, that I was obliged to turn my face aside, that he might not notice how much I was affected. Why should an action which would once have been so welcome, now give me concern? Why these tears? But why likewise this particular distinction? Alas! I wish they would leave me in peace. I ask nothing of them; I would receive nothing from them. May they forget me! I am prepared for persecutions. A rigorous watch is set over me; my walks in the park are forbidden; or if I go there, it is in the company of my aunt or cousin. It is known that you often came to the castle this summer; make a visit of decency, and appear there no more. Come to-morrow evening, I will wait for

for you—Yes, to be sure I will continue your's. Ingrate! dare you express your doubts to me of my affection? What power shall make me change? Dear Faldoni, can one who loves you ever cease to do so? Heaven and earth have joined to strengthen our union; that generous mother, who called you her son, has fixed my destiny, which is to love you while life endures. Most indulgent of mothers! the storms that surround us were foreseen by you; but your goodness undertook to dissipate them. You promised with an endearing fondness to bend the seeming inflexibility of my father. What might not be expected from the persuasion of your accents, your prevailing tears, your engaging caresses! He whom your heart adopted, my lover, my husband, was worthy of your choice; in his behalf I now pray to you; we will vow on your tomb, to obey your will,

will, and to preserve inviolate the union which you sanctioned—Are you aware, my friend, how my fortitude is strengthened by these remembrances? I have ever before my eyes that charming moment when the venerable pastor joined our hands in the face of Heaven, and called It to witness our engagement. Can oaths bind us more closely, when the law sets its seal to our union in God; too suspicious lover, I am thine; my hand and my heart belong to thee: Let avarice and pride in weigh against us: I am ready to suffer every thing, even death, rather than forfeit my fidelity. You have heard my oath for this: If give, or rather repeat it, in the presence of God; and you may depend that it shall not be broken.

LET-
me be asked, if the lodged foreign-
ers; that on this the told him my
name, and that he inquired how long
I had

LETTER LV.

FALDONT TO TERESA.

DEAR Teresa, I fly with ardour to your invitation. I shall then behold you once more, and read in your eyes the testimony of my happiness! May I be equal to the meeting! Your presence is necessary to me, I thirst for it with a fever which nothing else can allay. How can half of us exist without the other? How can we breathe at once in two different places, while our souls are every moment panting for an union? Justina told me yesterday, that during my absence, your brother called on her, and that on seeing some trifles that belonged to me, he asked, if she lodged foreigners; that on this she told him my name, and that he inquired how long

I had been in the house, and what brought me to a place so remote from society? She replied, that I came to enjoy the fine weather, and that I appeared very fond of solitude. Having asked these questions, he got again on horseback without adding a word. I must have met him, as I returned from my walk, with a book in my hand; he saluted me without stopping, and I saw him take the road to the castle. I did not apprehend, charming Teresa, that two leagues from your habitation, the tyranny of your relations would discover my humble asylum. The distance was sufficient to save from all reproach; and it is your excessive sensibility that makes you find it too near. As to the interrogatories of the Chevalier, I own they appear particular; but am not much concerned for them; for I consider his curiosity as accidental, and believe him too noble to have planned
but I any

any such investigation. Every clandestine action, however, has something humiliating to self-love; and for my part the shadow of lurking any where would drive me to the world's end. I love to act and think openly; and you should see me, declare to your whole family, in the face of the world, the generous passion with which you have inspired me; but for the dread of injuring you, or disturbing your tranquillity. — But my horse is saddled; it strikes two; I am impatient to start; adieu, lovely friend, I add no more, that I may fly to see you.

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LETTER LVI.

TERESA TO FALDONI.

HAVE I then seen you again? You whom I apprehended my eyes would never more behold? Yes, it was you; it is your voice that I have heard, my dear Faldoni. Why did I not dare to feast on your looks? Because we were noticed; I perused my father's countenance: he was not engaged in play; but attentive to us, close by our side. Alas! I told you nothing, nothing that spoke my affection; and yet I love you! Surely you cannot doubt it. What an interest I took in your discourse! Every word you uttered thrilled me to the soul. Did you penetrate the emotions of my heart? Did you see the constraint I laboured under for want of freedom

dom of expression? Did you perceive that my absence of mind was the effect of prudence? It was necessary for our security to dissemble; it was absolutely requisite for me to view you with indifference. Distressing situation! Ever ready to dissolve in tears, with you so near to sympathise with me, I found it difficult to restrain them. How soon you left us, for the last time of seeing me! Why did you not extend your visit a moment longer? It was so easy for you to have staid. But tell me, were you inclined to do so? To be sure you only submitted to the necessity of our separation. Your departure plunged me into a state of stupidity; I recalled immediately with agony those happy hours which we once spent in the guiltless freedom of mutual confidence. How then did I triumph! How proud was I of my love, when you assured me that it had restored you to life, and extasy; and

now you are sunk into new distresses! I have given you a glimpse of happiness, only to make you more sensible of it's loss. Yet do not abandon yourself to despair; you must give me your promise that you will not, or I shall doubt my influence over your bosom. Let your imagination paint the violence of my affection, and the anguish I should suffer from knowing that you were in the least uneasy. Behold, my dear Faldoni, your friend, your mistress at your feet, conjuring you to have every tender regard for your life! Anticipate the future, by a review of past blissful scenes, which may be renewed; for Heaven may condescend to work miracles in favour of a passion innocent as our's. Nothing has transpired to me from our family as yet, relative to the late discovery of my brother; I should infer, that he has not mentioned at home his visit to my nurse; or that it is purposely
concealed

concealed from me. I am frozen with the coldness of my father's looks; I dread that the seeming calm which reigns at present may be only the harbinger of a violent storm; but come what will, I am prepared. Yesterday, after you had left us, Madam d'Armian and Constantia went home. I remained behind with Mr. de St. Cyran; to employ myself I took up my tambour, and applied to the needle. My father walked about silently, giving me from time to time looks that would have shocked you. I was afraid to raise my eyes, his glances were so tremendous. This dumb scenery tired me, and I walked out for relief to find my aunt; at the sight of whom my tears flowed without restraint. Oh! Madam, I cried, I am undone, I have irretrievably lost the friendship of my father. I related to her his late behaviour; when she endeavoured to sooth me with her

C 6 embraces;

embraces; and proposed to carry me to Paris, by way of dissipating my melancholy. I kissed her hand, thanked her for this generosity, and expressed my readiness to accept of it; yet represented my fear that my father would not give his consent to the journey. She means to address him on the subject; but what hopes can I indulge of her success? The past has taught me to apprehend the future. Wretch that I am! dare I madly look for felicity? —

Two o'Clock in the Morning.

I AM again at liberty, and resume my dearest employment. How wretched is the tenor of our fate! This reflection ever haunts my mind. Silence and shade only render the picture of our sufferings more gloomy. I had promised myself a little rest; but how should night compose me? Am I for that
at

at a less distance from you? Does not the same cause for complaint still remain? As you went out yesterday, I said, this is the last time the door will open for him! My eyes followed your departing traces. How forlorn the solitude that surrounds me! In how deep a gloom am I enveloped! These weeds of sorrow, and funeral hues suit with the solemn seriousness of my soul; by reminding me of my loss, they supply food to the insatiable claims of my melancholy. I delight in tears; I water my bed with them; sleep, the comforter of other wretches, flies from me, or scatters his poppies over my temples, to alarm me with dreams more distressing than my waking imaginations. My only comfort is writing to you. How eagerly do I expect the wings of night to overshadow the plain, and bring you nearer to me, by this indulgence! Every body is asleep now;
and

and this is the only time I can call my own. Ah! let them sleep; I envy not their repose; is it to be compared even with the torment I suffer from recollecting you idea? What a charm still dwells in my memory from the pleasure we enjoyed before our misfortune! Never, my amiable friend, never shall I forget those moments of serenity and satisfaction. Do you not remember that charming night when, during the festal noise and confusion, by the side of you and my cousin, I wept? Not bitter tears, I assure you; yet I felt a presentiment of our short-lived happiness; pain and pleasure were so blended, that they inspired me with a delicious melancholy. On the loss of the most affectionate of mothers, I saw all the horror of my situation; I was sensible that I must renounce you; I wished to triumph over my weakness, and was at war for a whole week with my own heart.

But how great was your power, my friend! What influence you gained from absence! Perhaps I was better able to withstand you, than your image. My fancy painted it in all it's charms, and the distance between us gave it new embellishments. You made your appearance like an angel dispatched from heaven to comfort me, and every faculty within me revived at your sight. Joy danced again in my heart; you seemed to have extricated me from an hopeless abyss; and when you left me, I sunk once more into it's glooms. I still shudder at my father's scowling aspect; a thousand apprehensions distress me, Am I doomed to be eternally miserable? Have I not suffered enough already? To-morrow my aunt means to hazard her petition for my journey: to-morrow I shall know my sentence.

It
grievous

It is uttered, it is past. Adieu! to hope. Woe, woe is my portion. I am choked with sighs. Heavens! I foresaw this; but what shocking circumstances accompany the refusal! I pause ere I can proceed. How shall I write to you?—Yet write I must; my aunt is on the point of setting out; Constantia will have the goodness to forward this letter; and I have hardly time to trace the imperfect characters, that are rendered still more illegible by my tears.—Is there no pity in Heaven? Have I not courage to deliver myself from this load of existence? Yes, but for the dread of destroying your life, ere now you should have received my last adieu. Unfortunate man! read, and learn the sum of our afflictions. Mr. de St. Cyran seemed gayer than usual at dinner; his forehead was less cloudy; he deigned to converse with me; and my foolish heart was ready to admit the
 flattering

flattering Allusions of hope. When the cloth was removed, the sunshine invited the company to take a turn on the terrace. I said to myself, this is the critical instant, and remained with Lolotte in the parlour. About an hour afterward they returned, when my father's eyes appeared red and fiery; Madam d'Armiac cast her's down in a grave, austere manner. Constantia retired to a corner to weep; the Chevalier, playing with his fingers, stretched himself on a chair, with an air of attention. I arose, at a loss what behaviour to assume; after advancing a few steps toward my aunt, I continued standing; she gave a signal with her hand for me to sit down, and threw herself into an armed chair, with a look of dissatisfaction. This dumb show alarmed me, and I waited in silent fear for the sequel. My father bade Lolotte leave the room; then addressing me, he asked sternly,

ly,

ly, if I were weary of living with them? As I did not answer, he repeated the same question in a harsher tone. I! Sir! I replied, I! weary of living with you!—Hah! am I not right? you cannot proceed; some small remains of modesty prevent; you have not yet the boldness to confess that I am in your way; that my penetration is offensive to your intrigues.—Oh! Sir! Oh! my father!—Brother! said Madam d'Armenian, do not thus injure my niece; I only am blameable for having proposed this journey; I did it with a view to dissipate her melancholy; I saw her heart bleeding for the death of a mother, surrounded with objects which reminded her of the loss, and I hoped that a few months absence might give her relief. What! then, said my judge to her, you are a dupe to her tears? No, Madam, it is not a mother for whom she mourns, but a lover.

lover: I exclaimed, my hands instinctively raised to heaven, O my mother, descend to my assistance! justify your unhappy daughter! O thou best of mothers! How can I help weeping for you, I who have lost every thing with you? Wild with despair, I was insensible of what I said; I believe that I got up, and struck the ground, as it were to raise the shade of my parent. Constantia has told me since, that my eyes, and every emotion of my features expressed the disorder of my mind. My father stepped up to me, and looking stedfastly in my face, cried, what does the girl mean? Is she mad? She must be confined; and he was about to call in some of the servants. Sir! Sir! exclaimed my aunt, do you consider what you are doing? And you, Teresa, compose yourself! Why this agitation? You are not allowed to accompany me; well! my dear, stay behind,

behind, love your father, notwithstanding his severity, endeavour by your affection to awaken his.—Ah! Madam, I cried, I love my father; but——finish the sentence, Miss, said a voice too well known to me; but he does not love me; is that what you would say?—I held my tongue.—No, if it is unkind not to give the reins to your foolish passion, no, I do not love you, ungrateful girl; and you shall never again have admission to my heart, till you have banished from your's the rash intruder who has usurped my place. Believe that I am thoroughly informed, see and know every thing, and am not to be imposed on by the tricks of your cunning. Am I a stranger to the man who affronts me, and dishonours you? Had he not the assurance, but two days since, to appear in my presence? Did I not detect your subtle looks and private signals? Has not the fondness

of

of this distracted girl blazed out in the sight of her father? Do you think me blind? At what a crisis has she given herself up to this amorous frenzy? You are witness, Madam; ere the ashes of an indulgent mother have ceased to glow. I drew near him, with claspt hands, and trembling knees, Mercy! mercy! spare me! What ground have I given for so dreadful a charge? If I have shewn any respect for the person mentioned, I was authorised to do so by my mother; she gave me her consent; she was acquainted with all my thoughts, with all my actions, and I should have deemed myself criminal to have concealed them from her. It seems then that I, he replied, was not intitled to share secrets of such importance; I was an enemy of whom it was necessary to be cautious; and while a weak, deceived mother suffered a Mr. Nobody to make pretensions to my daughter, and to lodge

lodge for convenience a few yards from my house; this amorous innocent dreaded my arrival, and hardly has seen me, without wishing to be gone, unquestionably to enjoy her liberty. But I shall take care of that; and declare to her in the presence of her sister, that till the moment she receives the vows of the gentleman I intend for her husband, and pledges her's to him at the altar, she shall not forsake this castle, not though I should be obliged to place a guard over her conduct. I shall prevent her running after her seducer, by making a prison of her chamber; there let her weep at leisure for her extravagances. When a daughter transgresses the limits of her duty, her father is authorised to disregard the dictates of clemency, and from this day I mean to do her strict justice. — How, my friend, shall I tell you every thing said by the cruel man, whom I dare not

not call my father ! He threatened me with the severest vengeance, if after a certain period I did not submit to the horrid union he proposes ; he inflexibly despised the tears, the intreaties of his sister ; my dear Constantia threw herself in vain at his feet ; I ventured also to bow before him ; I clasped my arms round his knees ; I said with mingled sighs and tears, remember that I am your daughter ; pity me ; do not treat me with so much cruelty ; I conjure you, in the name of that tender mother who gave me her blessing in her last moments. Ah ! Sir, have compassion on your own bowels, if you hope one day to experience the mercy of Heaven ! I am not so depraved, as you imagine ; I have not disgraced my family ; I am not a lost girl ; no one has seduced me ; the sentiments of honour I received from you are still engraved on my heart. Permit me still to call
 you

you father, and to implore the sympathetic feelings of a parent ! Do not kill me with grief ! Do not cut short the life which you have given ! The day may come, when you will lament your unkindness, but lament it too late. I pressed his knees, as I uttered the last sentence.—Begone ! serpent, he replied, and with a jerk of his legs threw me at the distance of several feet on the carpet. His anger now was at the height, and he swore dreadfully that either I should marry his friend, or that he would confine me in a place of security, from whence I should never escape till carried to the grave. He swore too that if ever, my dearest friend, I saw you again, dared to speak or write to you, I should feel the vengeance of his curse. Without allowing an answer, he left us abruptly ; and we continued silent sometime as if struck with a thunderbolt. Is the measure of my sufferings

sufferings complete? Or does Heaven reserve me for new tortures? Why am I not a peaceful tenant of the sepulchre with the dust of my forefathers? What are the years of an odious life to me, which I shall henceforth only number by my calamities? Ah! let us die; let us deliver ourselves from this shocking load of existence! I neither feel, nor think, nor in any manner am connected with the objects of this world. Desperation seizes me; I see only tormentors, tortures, and a fiery gulph ready to receive my soul. But why should I involve you in misery? Fly from me rather; fly, thou adored, and worthy of the happiest fate. Go, look out for a heart that can repay the attachment of your's! Go, enjoy far from me the felicity which you merit. Why persist in loving an unfortunate, whose time is at hand; who

can leave you nothing but remorse? Dearest of men! friend of my heart! will you then be able to leave me? Will not my image constantly attend you? May you not apprehend that it will imbitter every future moment of your life? If another can supply my loss, love her, you have my consent; could I learn from my dungeon that you were happy, I should pay the sacrifice of ceaseless thanks to Heaven. Go, too generous friend; go far from an unfortunate spot, where nothing is to be expected but desolation and mourning. I write to you for the last time. What can I add at any other? Shall I relate to you new distresses; afflict you with a recital of my torments; infect your soul with the poison that destroys mine? No, I will suffer alone; I will drink my tears, and conceal them from all the world. Adieu! forget me; write

no more to me ; let us no longer be any thing to each other ; we must——Heavens ! Can I survive it ? Life to me will be a daily death ; I am lost in this deluge of woes ; my reason forsakes me ; I die ; I die a thousand times before my death——Adieu ! my best beloved ; you have been ever dear to me, and shall continue so, while breath informs this frame. However painful, I must utter my advice ; ere long you will learn that I am no more. From the borders of the grave which I am entering, Faldoni, hear the voice of your mistress ! She conjures you to live, and to recover the serenity of your soul. Renounce for ever that cruel passion which makes victims of it's votaries. Love no more ! Let the example of our sufferings be ever present to you. I desired you to forget me, but that cannot be in your power ; I flatter myself that you

would attempt it in vain; yet forgive the grief I have caused you; do not hate me for it! My gentle friend, is it possible you could prove so ungrateful as to hate her who has esteemed you with the truest affection? Alas! she will no longer be able to justify herself; the heart that beat for none but you, will rest in the tomb; her ashes, still faithful to their flame, might indeed accuse you of injustice. May neither time, nor absence erase your remembrance of our former tenderness! When time has weakened the impression, may the idea of your mistress sometimes rise in your fancy, without occasioning any bitterness of reflection! Think of those golden days which we so little enjoyed, of that felicity which is never tasted twice. Recall our amusements, our conversations, that deathless sentiment of a first love, that flame trium-

triumphant over human opposition. Think of her, who accounted it nothing to die for you; and if you have an opportunity of visiting the little spot of earth where she reposes, do not pass it without the tribute of a tear! Adieu!—Sighs burst from my heart; tears obscure my sight; —Oh! Faldoni, Adieu! for ever!

P. S. My cousin will return you your letters; a painful, but necessary sacrifice! It would be dangerous to keep them; take them again, my friend, there is no occasion for those marks of your affection; I have others engraven at the bottom of my heart, that nothing can erase.—Must we then cease our correspondence; which was my only comfort? How wretched am I! Once more, adieu! —Every word makes me tremble. Desire Mr. —the Curate, to

come and see me; acquaint him
with my situation; and may he be
your comforter! I am not able to
write to him. Alarming state! Yet
of what consequence? Am I not on
the verge of another world?

LET.

LETTER LVII.

THE CURATE TO TERESA.

I HAVE just had a warm contention with Mr. de St. Cyran. Your father, my dear child, is a most untractable man; I endeavoured in vain to win him by every motive of honour, justice and humanity. I represented to him, that his lady had given her hand to the union which he disapproved, and that it was already sanctioned by Heaven. He inveighed with great bitterness against your mother and me; loaded with the most opprobrious names, my zeal to serve you; ridiculed the ties I contended for, as imaginary; and declared that if his daughter dared to thwart his will, he would inflict the severest punishment on her disobedience. I

waited till his first heat was over; then claiming my part in the conversation, began with reminding him of the engagement I entered into at your birth, to discharge the duty of a father to you, and of the care he himself had ordered me take of your education. Having well established my right to plead in your behalf, and to address him with the concern of a tutor for his pupil, I asked him, whether he was really desirous of promoting his daughter's happiness? Who can doubt it? he replied. Then said I, with that disposition, how could you think of forming so unsuitable a match? He was about to interrupt me, but I raised my voice, and said, yes, Sir, the man you propose for Miss Teresa's husband, is unworthy of her hand; his manners——You joke, he cried; how long have the manners of a man been a bar to his marriage? If none but Catos could get wives, what would become

become of mankind? This was too much for me; and I answered, what, Sir, you would not blush to give your daughter to a debauchee? You would not hesitate to hazard her honour, her life, her lot in this world and in the next? Is this the language of a father? Admit that the corruption of the age has thrown a veil over immorality, and that a libertine is well received in the world if his exterior be amiable; it is because that there, every one, attentive to his own interest, has little leisure to examine the scenes around him; it is because that there, a man may be vicious with impunity, provided he hurts none but himself. But you, who are a father of a family, you who are intrusted by Providence to watch over the happiness of your children, how will you be able to answer the Judge of all, when he shall call you to an account for those committed to your charge?

I sacrificed my daughter, you must say, to the views of avarice and ambition; I anticipated hell to her by an union intended for an earthly Paradise. What will be the consequence, Sir, if you oblige her to marry a man the object of her abhorrence? Have you foreseen all the disadvantages and disorders that will attend such a connection? Are you not afraid of the day when they will draw imprecations on your memory? Behold their unhappy offspring, who will justly accuse you of all their sufferings; behold the ill-fated wife, consuming with grief, and ending her days before the term allotted by nature; or, if she does not sink under her burthen, see discord kindle the flame of endless hatred, disjoin in the face of the world the jarring couple, and brand them with the infamy of divorce, while the courts of justice echo with the humiliating story of their

their private differences. Having painted in the most gloomy colours the horrors of such an union, I again stated your present alarming situation, and finding him inflexible, exhausted every argument to convince him that he exceeded the limits of parental authority; that his violent conduct toward you was contrary to all laws human and divine; that he would be the murderer of his daughter, whose life was in the most imminent danger; and that he hazarded your seeking the protection of the magistrate, if he continued such unexampled barbarity of behaviour. I did not hesitate to add, that if you were driven to that resource, I would be the first to support you, though I had neither his credit nor fortune; but that I was ready to sacrifice all my property in so noble a cause. At this his anger re-kindled; he asked me if I came to in-

sult him ; and without waiting for my answer, drew near the window, swearing, that if I did not immediately withdraw, he would order his people to thrust me out of doors. He declared with a thundering voice, that his resolution was fixed, that nothing should change it ; that to the last drop of his blood, he would pursue your lover ; that a lettre de cachet would be ready to avenge him of the scoundrel who rashly aspired to an alliance with his family ; and that as to you, notwithstanding your protectors, he would take care to send you, where your follies should never be heard of. So saying, he conducted me to the door, protesting that in future it should be shut against me. I replied, Sir, I shall return hither whenever my duty calls me ; for I promised your wife that I would ever be attentive to the welfare of your daughter.

You

You may affront, strike, throw me out of window, as your action threatened just now; for I am an infirm minister, an helpless old man; but you shall not prevent me from keeping my promise with the most virtuous of mothers and the most unfortunate of daughters. Yet be advised, and do not act too rashly, for, thank Heaven! we live under a mild government, in which the Sovereign himself submits to the laws; he imposes on his subjects. Consider that a father is only head of a family, for it's protection, not oppression; that public justice eyes all his steps, and has an arm ready to restrain him, if he transgresses the boundaries of his power; do not imagine that you are intitled capriciously to bury the invaluable deposit confided to you by nature, and by the laws left for a time to your guardian-

guardianship; they will soon reclaim it of you with thunder in your ear. Neither imagine that you may with impunity attack the freedom of a fellow-citizen, and turn to the gratification of your private resentment the arms of that authority, given for the suppression of enormous villainy. Were it possible for you so to abuse the confidence of your Prince, I would throw myself at the foot of his throne; and expose the grievances of my friend, of the honest man whom you dare despise, because his situation is beneath you; I should be heard; it would affect so good a king to see a poor worn-out clergyman, defying the fatigues and expence of a long journey, in behalf of injured innocence; and you would be covered with merited dishonour. I left him with this menace, thoroughly resolved to keep my promise.

You

You see what you have to expect; Mr. de St. Cyran is capable of any severity; yet one truth may comfort you; it is that I am devoted, my dear child, to your service, both in life and death. When the persecution grows violent, my asylum is open for you; fly to it, and enjoy repose. You know that my fortune is narrow, but my regard for you boundless; and I would flatter myself, may comfort you for what you will lose. It is your friend, your Mentor, your sponsor, who addresses this to you; a man grown grey in the labours of a venerable ministry. Vulgar souls might censure me for this discourse; but in attempting to prevent or repel your misfortunes, I cannot forfeit my own esteem, and that is enough for my conscience. If you prefer a residence on the estate of Mr. de Themine, he has commissioned me to make you
a ten-

a tender of it; he is not less provoked than I am, at the injuries done you, and had I not withheld him, would have flown personally to rescue you from the hands of your tyrants. Mr. de Themine, being related to your mother, has an undoubted right to lend you his support; he is a zealous patron on whom you may depend. He has traced a plan for you. Under the alternative of marrying the most contemptible of mankind, or feeling the vengeance of the most cruel of fathers, he proposes your flying to the sanctuary of a convent, and imploring the protection of the ministers of justice. They are the guardians of the orphan, deprived by the course of nature, or a perverted disposition, of a father. They will learn that a most worthy mother gave your hand to a virtuous man who is withheld from you; they will be informed who

who is the wretch so unfeelingly allowed to purchase you; their wisdom and integrity will determine your fate; and you will then be at liberty to choose either of our houses for a retreat.

It rests with you, my dear child, to be decisive; I do not pretend to sway you by my advice; speak but the word, and you may depend on a faithful compliance with your wishes.

LET-

LETTER LVIII.

TERESA TO THE CURATE.

AH! Sir, what a train of charming ideas have you revived in my mind? Hope, thou balmy enliverer of the wretched, has thy cheering ray then not entirely deserted me? Is there a possibility of that union for which my heart has throbbed with such energy of desire? My days shall at length glide in the even flow of peace! I shall be blessed with the company of those I love! Freedom and contentment shall smile on me; and tears be strangers to my eye-lids!—Ah! no, I must not indulge this golden dream. Were I to abandon my father's house, repentance would pursue my fugitive steps, and I should be a wretch at the mercy of others' pity. I am thoroughly sensible of your goodness,

ness, my poor heart shall bear the remembrance of it to the tomb. I thank Mr. de Themine for his generous offer; but what can I resolve on in my present dilemma? I see nothing but vexation and regret, whether I stay or go; I must expect to suffer either the tortures prepared for me, or my own remorse. Shall I have recourse to the laws, and call in their assistance against my father? Rather, would they not be disposed to punish a guilty daughter? No, Sir, the warmth of your friendship for me misleads you, and you would be the first to condemn such conduct. Shall the rebellious voice of an undutiful girl disturb the throne of justice, with the frivolous complaint of being forbidden to receive her lover? Righteous Heaven! rather let the earth open and hide my shame! I would have my country listen to a child who has some right to complain; I would have it

under-

understand that my treatment is more severe than equity demands; lastly, I would have the freedom granted me to dispose of my fate. But whither should I flee, if before my judges in the moment of this vain triumph, I should meet the glances of my father? His glances! Heavens! Sir, do you know them; can you paint them with my feelings? They would humble me to the earth; they would annihilate me; I should see nothing at that instant but my disobedience; they would drive me to the world's end, and thither would the dreadful image pursue me. Oh, my benefactor! forgive your daughter for daring to start reflections which you must have already made. I know what arguments may be produced in support of your letter, and am but too much inclined to admit them; but in reality should never be happy on those terms; and had therefore rather submit to endure whatever may
be

be reserved for my punishment. What worse is in the power of mortals, than to deprive me of life? If they kill me, they will shorten the duration of my afflictions, and I shall bless them for not letting me languish under their cruelties. I foresee the utmost stretch of vengeance to which he may proceed, whom I tremble to mention. Can I forget that he once trampled me under his feet? Did he not curse me, while I knelt to him, and was deprived of my senses? Can his barbarity extend farther? No, I defy him in future, and am not to be intimidated by his menaces. Not that I consider it as a crime to shun the tortures that await me; certainly the first law is to obey the voice of nature, which urges us to avoid pain; and I am also well aware that your exalted virtue would never recommend to me a conduct opposite to the dictates

tates of the most rigid honour. Who knows better than you to estimate the morality of actions? And do you not imagine that my silly heart is ever disposed to dwell with extasy on the charming picture of felicity which I might enjoy? Is not the unfortunate, whom I should transport with a delirium of joy, likewise concerned? Do I not hear him intreat, conjure me, to fly and accept of your refuge? No, Faldoni, no, you press me in vain; nothing shall alter my resolution. Let me die! I beg you from the bottom of my soul; but would have you live; I command you to do so; my course is finished, and you shall hear my name no more. My generous friend, you see that my head is turned; I can no longer connect my ideas; would fain thank you for all past favours, but lose myself in an ocean of endless reflections. Where
am

am I? What have I uttered! Why can I not accept of your succour? Indeed I fain would! But do you not think that my father would pursue me to my retreat, however closely it might be concealed? Were I to see him; to hear his voice; to perceive his shadow, I should die with fear. Say, would not his curse pierce the recesses of my asylum? Gracious God! how could he curse me! How spurn me from him, like an outcast of the species! Merciful Being! thou didst hear his malediction; thou knowest if I had drawn it justly on my head!——But tell me, Sir, do you think I could venture on this step without remorse? That is the demon who disarms my resolution. It is to no purpose to think of your plan, I can never adopt it. How shall I be proof to the pains of repentance, should my conduct afflict

slict my father? I fear that; for
 notwithstanding his violence, I be-
 lieve that he loves me. And why
 should he not? He has ever been
 dear to me! Yes, I flatter myself
 that at the bottom he does not hate
 me. Judge what would be his grief
 for the loss of his daughter! I had
 rather shed a thousand tears than draw
 a single drop from his eyes. For-
 bear, therefore, to concern yourself
 with my destiny. You display in vain
 the flattering image of a happiness which
 cannot henceforth be mine. It is a sad
 truth, that death alone can erase the
 remembrance of those golden days
 which are torn from me; but, alas!
 to recall them is only to weep for
 their loss. If you see your friend,
 conjure him to labour for the cure of
 his unhappy passion. Ah! Sir, what
 a felicity would it be to me, to hear
 that he does not fall a victim to grief!

Strengthen

Strengthen his courage; the present moment calls for all his fortitude. He, as a man, may find resources of comfort; but how shall I struggle with the decrees of destiny?

VOL. III.

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LET.

LETTER LIX.

THE CURATE TO FALDONI.

I HEAR that you are a prey to despondence; overcome with grief, you avoid mankind, and are regardless of friendship; that sentiment which communicates balm to the wounds of the unfortunate, finds you impassive; and I who flattered myself with having some title to a place in your heart, I am forgotten by Faldoni. Unhappy man! why do I no longer behold you? Come, pour into my bosom the tears of despair! Your friend has sympathy to receive them. Come, let me administer comfort; let me teach you how the soul of the wise man rises superior to every misfortune. While I saw the least reason to foster your hopes, I was zealous

to

to serve you; my own interest was not dearer to me than your's; I had even fixed your happiness on a solid base; but a thunderstroke has overturned my labour; it is your duty to adore the Hand that wounds you; it is your duty to conclude, that the completion of your wishes was never registered by his Eternal Providence. For three months have you not been the most happy of mankind? Adversity succeeds; learn to endure it. Alas! there is one more wretched than you. I dread to name the party; but friendship would acquit itself, when necessary, of a task more unpleasing. I have seen Miss de St. Cyran; her despair, her cries, her tears, her groans have pierced my very soul. She certainly cannot long exist in such an alarming condition. In vain I tried to soothe her; she neither sees nor hears; her disorder has quite changed her disposition; I am told that she is

no longer conversible ; and, refusing to take nourishment, calls for relief on death. I found her bathed in tears ; she scarcely recollected me ; and I had hardly gained her attention, when a sudden thought struck her ; her heart swelled, and the tears gushed again in torrents. In the name of God, do not add to her sufferings ! Consider that her life depends on your's, and that she makes your sorrows her own. She wishes you to support your misfortunes with becoming fortitude ; she says her own condition will be less pitiable, if she hears that you are careful of your health. Set her then an example of courage ; endeavour to pay her this last sacrifice ; that you have already offered will render this less difficult ; for I must conceal nothing from you ; she has received your parting adieus, and you have no reason to expect that you shall ever see her again.

Over-

Overcome by the tyranny of an inflexible, vindictive father, who will never forgive your having won his daughter's heart, she has not the least hope of being united to you; forbear therefore the presumption of aspiring to it; cease to indulge an inclination which henceforth must have fatal consequences. I shall lament all my life the having encouraged it. God, who reads the heart, knows that I am desirous of serving you still; but what would the feeble assistance of my zeal avail against the indignation of a provoked father? How much should I be obliged to you, would you renounce sentiments which can never render you happy! I ask it of you as an infinite favour. Come, my friend, make a noble effort for self-victory; do not complete the ruin of that unfortunate fair one, by obstinately indulging a hopeless passion for her; recover the serenity of friendship;

ship; a condition vastly superior to the tumults of love. You are young; with all the energy of your age; your senses are not debauched by vice; your soul has preserved instinctive honour, and virtue is still dear to you. Look around you; the world opens it's theatre before you; you have long enough, too long, buried your talents; you must rescue them from oblivion; hitherto an idle spectator, awake from this dull apathy; take your place in the scale of beings; assert your rank in society, and pay to it the debt of labour which she demands of all her members. Will you alone stand neuter amid this universal agitation? Is it not time to act, and mature the seeds of those noble sentiments which Heaven has sown in your mind? How often have I seen your eyes sparkle at the relation of generous actions! You were eager to imitate them; you envied those great men whose sublime
 enthu-

enthusiasm raised them above the ordinary scenes of humanity; a divine transport was inspired in you by the immortal pictures of their glory. Do you think then that they had not learned to conquer themselves? Did their hearts glow with less warmth than your's? Do you imagine that the tyranny of love had intirely spared them? No, doubtless they were liable to all the storms of life; but they spurned from them those syrens the passions; they repelled the blandishments of luxury; they tore themselves from the bewitching seductions of love; virtue was their goddess; her perfect form ever present to them, they would see no other object; and to embrace her, they were ready to rush through flames. Far be it from me to preach up a lifeless philosophy which makes no allowances for pleasure! You know whether I approve of that ridiculous stoicism which ren-

ders man the child of sadness, and life a dungeon limited by pains, toils and combats. Indeed all mankind are not born for heroes; there are few of those favoured souls who are carried by a heavenly fire beyond the vulgar bounds; the great art of human life is to discover the exact line of things, and to regain, when we have exceeded it. Do not judge of the future by the present; you will not always be the victim of affliction; you will not always fight with love; the time will come when your imagination will cool, when the favourite illusions of your heart will vanish like a gilded dream, and the fever of love be succeeded by the repose of the senses. Then you will regret the irretrievable moments lost in luxury, and the neglect of your duties; you will regret having lived so short a time, though loaded with years;

years; you will weep over the remembrance of an unfortunate young lady whom you rendered miserable; of a friend from whom you turned your ear, and who will then, alas! no longer witness your concern. I conjure you to follow my advice, the few days I have to pass below; you will not be troubled with me long; you may see that I make rapid strides to my last home. Could I leave you composed, disengaged from your fetters, I should depart more contentedly! Do not let me go down to the tomb with the distressing reflection of having promoted your illusion! What can you gain by the favourite error of your soul? Renounce it; think of living well, and dedicate to virtue all your faculties, which have been devoted to the tyranny of love. I depend on this triumph from you; but if you disappoint my expectation, you

will send my grey hairs with shame
to the grave, and be accountable to
Heaven for having broken another
wretch's heart.

LET-

LETTER LX.

TERESA TO CONSTANTIA.

AND you then have abandoned me! The only being whom I might expect to listen to me is far off! Ah! my dearest Constantia, why have you forsaken me? Alas! the unfortunate are alone; the air they breathe is contagious; every body flies from them; but you, my faithful friend, should you have left me at the mercy of my executioners, delivered over to the utmost barbarity of their usurpation? I am no longer one of the world; imprisonment, menaces, persecutions, tears are the sad portion of my days and nights! Great God, amid all these horrors, must that dear deluding image pursue me still! O Faldoni! what have you done? Why

have you loved me? I was serene, happy, my days glided in the peaceful stream of innocence; but you have introduced the fire that consumes me; a mental incendiary, you have set a too susceptible heart on flame; you have disturbed my understanding, warped my reason, distracted my senses, and utterly ruined me. The destructive fervor rushes through my veins; duty, wisdom, and religion yield to the violence of this charming delirium. Whither can I flee to avoid you? My cruel relations have stifled the voice of nature; they have treated me like the daughter of a stranger; they have spurned me from their embrace. Mistaken tyrants! with an intention to injure, they have served you; they would have obliged me to love you, had it been in my power to hesitate. Alas! my affectionate mother is no more; she can no longer wipe the tears from
my

my eyes; her friendly voice can no more awake a glimmering of joy in my forlorn bosom. Ah! did she know how they treat me; could she hear my lamentations; she would start from the chamber of death to rescue me from their violence. She would shake her winding sheet over the bed where she gave me birth, and sting with remorse the soul of my persecutor. Deschamps is discharged from our service; she was too fond of me; I must have less indulgent attendants. A girl supplies her place, who sticks to me, like my shadow. I snatch the opportunity of her being asleep to write to you; and to convey my letter to you, must have recourse to a hundred petty stratagems. In reality I am ashamed of such contemptible mysteries to which they reduce me. My dear little sister, my only comforter at present, and who loves me heartily, has gained the old
porter,

porter, and the good man undertakes my commissions. But ingenuously, my friend, I shall not long have occasion for his services; my enemies have almost drained my cup of affliction. Since you left me, I have seen so many deaths, that mortality no longer alarms me. But that innocent exile! What is become of him? What must he suffer! I neither write to him, nor hear of him. Oh! my cousin, what a friend have I lost! How tenderly he loved me! Where shall we find such hearts as his? The search is vain. Then we were so near felicity! What charming schemes we planned for days to come! What a dazzling horizon beamed on our expectations! But death at a blast has scattered those phantoms, and all the gay enchantment is vanished! The world appears to me now only a gloomy desert covered with ruins; there arose a sumptuous palace; here gardens; now we tread

tread on tombs; walk over thorns, and arrive through dismal lanes at the very abyfs ready to swallow up all. Yes, that abyfs is nigh; I fee it, I step on its edge, and feel a secret impulse to plunge into it's unfathomable horrors. I meditate the gloomiest designs——Alas! should I quit the world, the chafm will be soon supplied. The warrior drops, and his loss is not perceived. My father is going to Paris; he commits me to the charge of his duenna, and in a month's time will bring hither the odious personage who is to be my chapman. But believe me, dear coufin, this marriage shall never be registered; that is a resolution immutably fixed in my own soul; a month may give rise to a variety of unexpected incidents. It would be impossible for me to escape, I am so confined in my chamber, from whence I never go but to hear mafs; and then not without a guard. Yet
were

were I at liberty to escape, indeed I have not resolution to do it; unavoidable infamy would attend me; and if by no other tie, I am held to life by honour; but let the worst come, I can die. Heavens! impaired as my constitution is, how little remains for my enemies to complete their triumph?

LET

LETTER LXI.

TERESA TO THE CURATE.

ALAS! were not my sufferings already more than I could bear? Why should he come to increase my wretchedness? Indiscreet man! notwithstanding the many warnings I gave him to forget me. What did he expect to gain in my presence?—Mr. de St. Cyran had called for me; I stood before him pale, bathed in tears, hardly daring to utter a few words to clear myself of his dreadful accusations. My brother walked about, with his arms folded across his bosom; suddenly the door opened, and Mr. Faldoni entered. I trembled, like one thunderstruck; he himself appeared surprised at sight of me and my condition. He advanced with
agita-

agitation, distress and anxiety in his countenance; and expressed to me his concern for my tears. Sir, exclaimed a stern voice, I did not send for you to comfort Miss, but to answer my questions; sit down, if you please, and give me a hearing. Faldoni, displeased with this opening, replied drily that he would not sit down, but that my father might proceed. Mr. de St. Cyran, pointing to me with his finger, asked him, how long have you known that young lady? Faldoni, with increasing indignation, consulted my looks, to learn whether he should give an answer to this rude interrogatory. I ventured to say, I have been acquainted with the gentleman at my aunt's eighteen months. You were not questioned, replied the same voice in a more tremendous accent. Faldoni replied, do not be displeased with Miss for her answer; for you should not have extorted one from me;

me ; I never satisfy any person's questions except they are delivered in the style of intreaties, not with the authority of demands. The Chevalier, casting a scornful look at him, said, that for a man who required such decorum, he shewed very little, and that his language might be more mannerly. Faldoni, turning round as if he had seen him for the first time, said, who are you that presume to dictate to me? I do not know you. Were you the person who came in my absence, and put impertinent questions to my landlord concerning my way of life? Truly, I do not think that such behaviour obliges me to respect your advice. I will make you know me, said the Chevalier in a broken voice, clenching his hand. And pray who may you yourself be, cried my father, pressing his knuckles on his knees, and staring at him with fiery eyes. Who
are

are you, insolent foreigner? From what hovel, vile ravisher, are you come to corrupt the heart of this unfortunate girl, to drag her to dishonour, and to rob a father of his daughter?—A father! Faldoni interrupted briskly, she never had one; she never had any but a tyrant! At this, Mr. de St. Cyran, arose to get his pistols; but the Chevalier prevented him; I shrieked out, and threw myself on the floor, with supplicating hands, between these inveterate enemies. See, cried my father, the wretched condition of that silly creature! I no longer acknowledge her for my daughter; I curse, and abandon her, calling Heaven to witness, that I deliver her over to it's vengeance. I fell flat on the ground, as he pronounced this horrible anathema. Faldoni, in a fright, flew to my assistance, and raising me in his arms, exclaimed, barbarous man! see your
 own

own work ! you have nothing to do now but to cut her throat ; but Heaven will rescue her from your violence ; Heaven, whom you imprecate, will protect her innocence. Being still faint, I leaned on his arm ; when the Chevalier forcibly removed me ; stay, said he, till my sister is your's before you presume to be her guardian ; however much she has obliged her friends, she is not so forsorn as to need your assistance. Faldoni drawing near him, said, what do you mean ? Can you be her brother, who are her persecutor ? Or can he who has just uttered such dreadful imprecations be her father ? Where are her defenders ? Let them appear, and I will embrace their party. But cruel men ! you cast her from you ; your hearts are shut against her ; she has no hand but mine to dry her tears. By what right would you prevent my comforting her, since you share
nothing

nothing in common with her; why may I not be allowed to cherish a flower which you have thrown away? I admire the dignity of your sentiments, but wish to see it displayed in actions. Who will pledge themselves for the reality of your zeal? What have you done to serve her? If you deny her the support of a stranger, condescend to give her your own. The Chevalier answered coldly, if I owe support to my sister, it certainly is not against a father, whose will is sacred with me; but against an insolent young man, who by his ascendancy over a deluded girl, would urge her to despise parental authority, and plunge her in misery for life. Chevalier, said Faldoni, let us leave hard words to old men as their only weapons; you and I have no occasion for them; is this the way in which you answer me? Yes, thus I

ought

ought to answer, replied my brother, one who, far from atoning for his injustice to us by a submissive and respectful conduct, dares in our own house to address us as our master; set up for protector of our family, and censor of our actions. Faldoni answered in a heat, how have I wronged you, who have given me offence without provocation? Is it a crime to love your sister? I was inclined to respect you; but henceforth shall think you intitled only to my hatred. I did not come here to brave you; you violate the rights of society, by insulting a man who obeyed your call; and I have only repelled your affront. I do not pretend to be the judge of your conduct, which is indifferent to me; I am not the protector of your family, now Miss is separated from it; but I will assert her cause, without your leave; you have
broke

broke with her, and can have no business with her concerns. The Chevalier looked at Mr. de St. Cyran; that is valiant! said he; and he repeated with a smile, that is very valiant! We shall see, said my father impatiently; I am going to Paris, and at my return will take care to provide a house for his security. Till then, I recommend him to leave his lurking hole, and assure him, that if after tomorrow he is found on my estate, he shall dearly repent it. Noble Sir, answered Faldoni, I do not reside on your estate; my honourable asylum (such I call it, as it's tenants are virtuous people, though you would degrade it with the name of a lurking hole) is a free place, independent of you, and subject, like your patrimony, to the authority of the Prince, who will not suffer one subject to worry another in it's hospitable shade. Enough,

nough, answered my brother haughtily, I shall take care to execute my father's orders. Faldoni answered him in the same tone, with all my heart! bring them to me, I shall expect you; and he walked out. Mr. de St. Cyran was now ready to burst with passion; he ran after him, and a moment after I was told that they had taken him up. My heart was frozen at this news; and, meeting the Chevalier, I told him that such treachery was unworthy of a gentleman; he swore that he was ignorant of it, and would see it repaired. And indeed I hear that Faldoni is set at liberty; yet am not intirely composed by this. What farther violence may one not apprehend! The cruel creatures are again looking for him; and perhaps while I am writing, strike the fatal blow.—The Chevalier is just returned; it is said they have met,

and Faldoni is wounded. The blood
 stagnates in my veins ; I can no longer
 hold the pen ; God of comfort ! assist
 thy unworthy servant !

LET.

LETTER LXII.

FALDONI TO TERESA.

I MUST write to you; I must give vent to the anguish of my heart; this is the last time I shall dare to address you; do not impute to me this violation of your commands as a crime; allowances should be made for the wretched; every thing is torn from me; nothing but complaints is left; surely they will not be denied me! There was a time when amorous expressions crouded to my pen; when my enraptured soul formed only smiling images; joy animated my mind; and my lively sensations of happiness shone in every epistle. But I am no longer the same; I am no longer that fortunate lover elevated by yourself to you; my empire is at an end; my

throne in ruins; and from the low
 estate into which I have fallen, I hum-
 bly venture to raise my voice. O
 Teresa! were you the object of my
 love! Was I every thing, who now
 am nothing! Dreadful revolution!
 I look back with horror on my de-
 scent, and compare myself to the an-
 gel of darkness thrown from heaven.
 From what a charming country am I
 returned! What enchantments are
 broken! I have reviewed every spot
 once embellished with your presence;
 have uttered my last adieus to them;
 have adored the ground pressed by
 your feet; have kissed it with sighs,
 and exclaimed, I must see you no
 more!—Your barbarous father then
 is resolved to sacrifice you! He will
 dispose of you at the merchant's price!
 That unnatural union will take place;
 and I must witness it in silence! I
 must not pray for the thunderbolts of
 heaven to blast a marriage formed in
 despite

despite of the most sacred engagements ! No, I cannot refrain ; let the infernal caverns open to receive the violators of our vows ! Yet, Teresa, you cannot submit to these nuptials, while I live ; you cannot ; your faith is pledged to me ; heaven and earth are the witnesses. Stay till I am dead ; stay till my dust is scattered by the winds, with the oaths that you have sworn to me ! I shall not delay long to set you at liberty. Your brother has already opened the sluices of my blood ; you may end my fate ; one word will do it ; and I expect that from your pity. Why should I live to see a father, unworthy of that name, sign your misery ; and the vilest of mankind revel in your arms ? Why should I live to vegetate in a desert, with an inactive heart, a spiritless soul, and youth worn out with affliction ? Shall I weary Heaven with my complaints, and mankind with

the story of my injuries? Heaven has abandoned me; men are not fond of listening to the unfortunate; they have other avocations. The time which I should steal from them would be borrowed of their pleasures, and they must not be interrupted in their enjoyment. At what door should I knock for happiness? Should I go a begging for it a few worthless days, and vilely pay my court to fortune? No, my friend! I have resolved, and will rather die. I will quit this odious world, where distinctions, honours, rank, riches, esteem and fame are reserved for vice; where the man of integrity stoops to the dust; and disgraced with rags, is hardly allowed to possess a soul immortal. Could the genius of Brutus or Cato inspire one of the croud, unless fortune should raise him on her wheel, he would live despised, indigent, obscure, and die forgotten. The road to promotion is
to

to be supple; those who would dazzle others must dishonour themselves; with a brazen forehead the man of the world has an heart of iron. Toil! sweat! heap gold! be opulent! Who shall dare to reproach him with having oppressed the widow and the orphan; with having drunk the blood of the people, and stopped his ears to their lamentations? Besides, it may not be known that his outset in life was ignominious, and that he meanly stooped to the contemptible idols of the day. He sits on the summit of prosperity; and avenges himself with contempt of those whom he has devoured! No, rather let me die, than see the children of pride raised above me, and ready to trample me under foot. What are those swollen reptiles, and who do we call a man of consequence? A base fellow, disowned by virtue, who hangs over his gate the arms of his ancestors. It comforts

me to think, that there is no distinction in the grave; they go down to it poor and naked as I; and after that perhaps I may be raised above them.——Monster as he is, has he not dared to assert that I dishonour you? Ah! my blood boils, I tremble, I burn with rage, and shall be tempted to pluck out his heart! But that monster is your father——O Terefa! why should he be your father?——And you wish me to live? You would have me breathe the air with him? Shall I continue on the earth that supports him? Shall I wait, till it is rid of his burden, to be happy? Vain hope! the barbarian will live a length of years, and you will still groan under the fetters of the tyrant, when the sepulchre shall long have closed on the dust of your unhappy friend. What should I do in the world? I am not disposed to courtly intrigue, flattery, falsehood, nor wickedness; my heart

heart is on my lips; my foot shrinks from the crushing of an insect; a suffering particle agonizes me; I sympathise with all the family of misfortune; I look upon myself as the most inconsiderable of my species; and hardly command the valet who receives my wages. Such a character should avoid mankind, and escape to the rocks of the new world; but I have visited that quarter; and will not return thither; because I should walk over the graves of my benefactors, and add distress to my distresses. Ah! to what desert, what distant climate can I flee, and not carry with me the wounds I have received from you? Dear, dreadful beauty! like the Deity at once severe and beneficent. The torment and delight of my soul! My mistress, my companion, my spouse, you bid me forget you; you command me neither to see nor write to

F 5. you;

you; you banish me from you, yet
 wish me to live! Ah! cruel Teresa, I
 must then behold you no more; I
 must no longer converse with you;
 you will cease to exist as to me! An-
 guish! despair! and fury! go; let
 me end a miserable life! Let me die
 lamenting the hour I knew you! Let
 me weep tears of blood on the dear,
 deluding characters that confessed I
 was not indifferent to you. I hold
 the glowing epistles which you claim;
 nothing can ravish them from me; I
 press them to my heart; cover them
 with kisses; conjure them to observe
 their promise; repeat with them this
 affectionate sentence; "you who were
 "ever dear to me, and shall continue
 "so to the last pulse of my life."——
 Yet you have written, "let us no longer
 "be any thing to each other."——
 Ah! you cannot cease to love me, but
 by ceasing to live. You can never
 give

give to another the faith that belongs to me. Heaven and earth shall sooner pass away than Teresa change. I know your heart too well; inconstancy and perfidy cannot enter it; it is superior to the caprices of humanity; immutable as Heaven, with an eye to every period, I am it's only object. Let us die, my dear Teresa, let us die together! I shall resign the world well contented, if I do not leave you behind. What happiness awaits us! No more persecutions, no more obstacles! But God, the protector of innocence, and benefactor of mankind, the common father of all beings, will have mercy on our infirmities, and pity the injuries that we have suffered. We shall see again the affectionate mother whose loss you mourn; she will conduct us to the throne of the Supreme, and supplicate his divine goodness in our fa-

your; she will present her children
 to him who had no asylum on earth,
 and who fly for refuge to him. Will
 that Great God, that God of mercy,
 impute to us as a crime the having
 hastened the moment of our return-
 ing to his parental bosom? Surely
 no, my Teresa; a crime is an injury;
 but by this conduct we shall hurt no
 one; we shall slide silently into the
 tomb, without being missed; we shall
 by no means interrupt the ordinary
 confusion of terrestrial affairs; the
 wicked will not be less oppressive;
 the good will not be more trium-
 phant. But it may be objected, God
 will punish us.—No doubt, God
 will punish cruel men, and tyran-
 nical parents; but what have we done
 to provoke his vengeance? By loving
 each other, we obeyed his will; we
 followed the virtuous impulse of na-
 ture, and strewed our path with a
 few

few flowers; our days were consecrated by the Supreme; we invoked him in the enjoyment of our pleasures; we were fond of existing, thinking and conversing in his presence. How often in the hours of felicity have we raised our hearts with gratitude to him! We blessed him for our affection; he condescended to receive our vows, and saw the sincerity of our esteem——Yes, trust me, Teresa, he has received our vows, and if you break them, expect neither felicity nor peace; your memory will ever be punished with the image of your friend; his pale, bloody spectre, amid the gloom of your guilty nights, in doleful accents will reproach you with your ingratitude; you will be attended by it in the dusk of Autumn, by the glimmering of the moon, on your nuptial couch; and you will start with horror from the arms of your base husband,

husband, from that wretch who persisted in claiming the hand of her who could not give her heart —— His name rouses my old indignation ——

Adieu! I will die! But do you live!

Live, for the happiness of the world;

live, to preserve on earth the image of

virtue! Should you die, what would

become of it? Ah! my tender friend,

how could I with savage ferocity

court you to follow me? It was the

rash voice of love, jealousy and de-

spair. You, adorned with all that

nature can bestow; dear to a whole

town; the idol and support of the

unfortunate; in the blooming pride

of youth; should you consent to ac-

company me to the land of darkness

and the shadow of death? Ah! for-

give this delirium of grief; my hand

writes without the direction of my

mind; I weep, exclaim, start up,

walk about distractedly, resume my

pen,

pen, and bathe every word with tears. Adieu! Adieu! my soul! I must depart; I go but before you; shall expect, and am confident of, seeing you again.

LET-

LETTER LXIII.

TERESA TO FALDONI.

IT is then your opinion, that we shall meet again in that dark and dismal abyss—No, come, my friend, let us die together. How can I permit you to go alone, I who value life only for the sake of you? Alas! you know that it was my wish to have employed it in promoting your happiness. Come, my better self, I wait for, and am ready to follow you; with you I am willing to be everlastingly happy or wretched. Of what consequence to me is my condition, so I share your's? Is it possible for us to be more miserable than we are? If we suffer for it, we shall at least never part again. Yet give
this

this step a mature consideration! For my part, I cannot examine whether we shall commit a crime, whether the crime be against nature and the laws, or whether by it we shall expose ourselves to eternal punishment. My weak reason is dethroned; it was so the moment I admitted love to my bosom; true, some small sparks remained, but my troubles have entirely extinguished them. I no longer perceive any thing but a vindictive father, and the horrid connection he has formed for me; while you, my friend, your woes, and the faith I have plighted to you, rush to my mind, and inflame me with a desperate delirium. How shall I shun my fate? Were I but alone unfortunate! But to be so without you, but to add perjury to my wretchedness! I could not survive it; I should die a lingering death, deprived of your company. What are ten or twenty years rolling
over

over one's head? Short, if happy; and if miserable, an age too long. How often have I regretted, my friend, that Hymen had not joined our hands, and rescued us from the power of our enemies! In what heavenly harmony should we have spent our days! But, no, such felicity would have set us on a level here below with the envied condition of angels, and to that it would have been presumption to have aspired. Let them live, the cruel creatures to whom we are victims! Let them live, and if they can, enjoy those blessings, of which they deprive us! These are my worst wishes at parting with them. And may that God of goodness, whom perhaps we offend, have pity on our despair! I conjure him to pardon us; on my knees I humbly implore him to let us taste that cup of bitterness of which he himself has drank, and to
 for-

forgive human frailty for throwing
 off a burden it can no longer bear
 — Adieu, my friend, — Adieu!
 I shall then see you again for the
 last time — Let that be Sunday.
 My father is from home, but will
 soon return; and such another oppor-
 tunity may not offer. Attend mass
 by eight o'clock in the chapel; be
 careful to disguise yourself, and min-
 gle with the croud of villagers; I
 will be in the gallery, and continuing
 there till the congregation goes out,
 will send my servants home before
 me, and then — my dear Faldoni
 — Reflect on this dreadful separa-
 tion, which may be followed by a
 more shocking futurity. Gracious
 Power! should we never see each
 other again! Suppose an everlasting
 silence, an impenetrable night should
 irrevocably involve our being! Sup-
 pose that the parting adieu I give you
 on

on receiving the fatal stroke, should absolutely be the last! The very idea thrills my blood with horror!— Away with it! Let us be courageous! They shall see, the barbarians who persecute us shall see us levelled by each other's hand; they shall behold our gaping veins mingle their purple currents in one friendly stream; they shall too late groan for having been the cause of it; the viper of remorse shall writhe round their heart-strings, and torment them to the soul.

LET-

LETTER LXIV.

THE WAITING-MAID OF TERESA
TO THE COUNT DE ST. CYRAN.

SIR,

I HAVE shocking news to tell you——Miss Teresa and Mr. Faldoni killed themselves this morning in the chapel. I am so distressed at this alarming incident, that I know not how to give you an account of it. O Sir, what a dreadful disaster! yet who could foresee it? Miss appeared so composed! Yesterday, being Saturday, she distributed some money, according to her custom, among the poor villagers; and desired them to remember her in their prayers. Two orphan-children were presented to her; she placed them by the door-keeper, recommended their bringing up to
his

his care, and promised to pay him for his trouble. An old woman came likewise to her, who was burthened with a large family, and whose husband, on some trifling occasion, had been sent to prison; she wrote herself to the bailiff for his release; she then withdrew to her apartment, where she resumed the pen. Agreeably to the orders given me to watch her closely, I followed her; she was two hours engaged in writing letters, and came down stairs, when the bell rang for dinner. She found the Vicar in the room, and conversed a long while with him in private. He afterwards told us, that she gave him twenty-five louis to distribute to the poor of the parish. On examining her bureau, which she had left open, we found it was all the money in her possession. She was observed to change colour several times during dinner. Mr. ——— the Chaplain perceived her absence

fence of mind; for she was evidently very deep in thought; but suddenly checked herself, and struggled to recover her spirits. She only eat a little cream. Somebody mentioning a man who had been killed in the forest; she grew pale, and shivered; but this was not remarked as any thing extraordinary, for she had frequently been seen affected to tears with such relations. It was conjectured that the unfortunate person had fallen in a duel, as he had not been robbed; he was wounded in the breast, and his sword lay by him. The conversation turned a long time on this subject. Miss, who had hitherto said nothing, grew tired of the gentlemen's moral reflections, and asked whether thousands of better men did not meet death in the field of battle, and fall without notice? They die for their King, added she; and may not the subject of our discourse have lost his life for the sake of honour,

nour, dearer than a King? Then looking at her sister, she said, and you Lolotte, should not you be willing to die for me? The young lady arose, and running to Miss's arms, cried, in a most affectionate manner, yes, sister; yes, I would give you the last drop of my blood, if required. Miss pushed her away gently with her hand, and said, turning her head aside to weep, you are a little simpleton! they then embraced each other. The Chevalier dined out, and in the afternoon ordered his horse to be saddled for a visit a few days to Lyons. His pistols lay on a table in the hall; Miss observing them on coming in, took one, and asked her brother coolly the manner of using it. He shewed her balls and powder; she looked at them steadfastly a few minutes; then very calmly put the mouth of the pistol to her forehead; is not this the way, cried she, to bid adieu to the world? Fie! said

said the Chevalier, one would think you meant to leave us in earnest. If I did, the replied with the same composure, many people would be surprised to hear of it.

As he was going to get on horseback, he said to my young lady, will you not permit me to embrace you? He folded her tenderly in his arms, and she burst into a flood of tears. He laid his whip on the table, took his sister by the hand, and leading her to a sofa, sat down by her. I have grieved you, and am sincerely sorry for it; but why are you so inflexible? Why do you refuse the husband proposed for you? How very imprudent it is in you to give your heart to a stranger? Brother, she replied, your questions are unreasonable; who asks a patient why he has a fever? But there is nothing to add on the subject between us; let us talk no more of it. I agree, answered the Chevalier,

yet you will be the sufferer by this silence. As to me, you know that I can do nothing in your behalf; for the vexation I have given you in this affair, I ask your pardon; let us embrace; forget the past; and act hereafter as you please; you have my promise, that I will never disturb you again. Yet I must beg you to reflect, that you will meet with a world of difficulties; for you know how absolute my father is; and that he would rather see you dead than disobedient. Miss listened with her head down, and her finger on her lips, as it were to prevent herself from speaking; then raising herself, she said, Adieu, brother! And turned her cheek to him, which he kissed. As he sat off, she followed him with her eyes to the end of the lane; then coming in, renewed her tears. A horrible storm arose, which continued all night; the wind whistled in the arches of the castle

castle in a tremendous manner; the hail rattled against the windows; and the roar echoed from the distant mountains. We were all sitting by the fire-side; play was proposed, we frolicked, we laughed, and forgot the tempest. Miss being of the party, had a forfeit to pay, and was commanded to declare what she thought of; her answer was, to-morrow. We took no notice of this expression, and the diversion went on merrily as before. She refused supper, and withdrew early to her chamber. When I went up thither, she was reading; I asked her if she would not go to bed; she replied, it was of no consequence, for the storm would hinder her from sleeping; and that she preferred sitting up, till it had abated. Her little sister knocked at the door, saying, she was afraid to be alone. When she was seated, she told Miss, that in crossing the yard without a light, she had seen

an apparition, covered with a long veil, and resembling her dear Mamma; that the phantom dissolved in air, like a vapour, and vanished toward the churchyard. Miss smiled at the young lady's fear, yet shed tears at the recollection of her mother. Should you be really frightened, said she, if some night my spectre were to lay hold of you? Oh! that is different, replied Miss Lolotte; you are not yet dead, besides, you know, sister, under every form you will always be welcome; for you are so good, that you can do me no harm. Well, added Miss, wait till to-morrow; do you observe me? to-morrow I say at this hour. Yes, yes, said her sister, you will walk into my chamber, and return the visit I pay you; and she then began to caress my lady. Give me my harp, said Miss; a tune has run in my head for an hour; I must sing it. She took the instrument, and sang a very doleful

ful ballad; of which she often repeated the following couplet:

We've liv'd, we'll for each other die,

'Tis time for us to part no more;

If by one death from earth we fly,

What left behind can we deplore?

As she sung these words, she dropped a few tears, which her sister kindly wiped away. What an ugly song that is! said she; you are in a humour for weeping, sister; nothing strikes you but melancholy ideas. Miss de St. Cyran interrupting her, cried, will you sleep with me to-night; you shall lie in bed the longer for it. Yes! said the little lady, and mass is to be celebrated at eight o'clock! At the naming of mass, my lady arose hastily, and walked fast about the chamber. Well! said she, in a few minutes; get you gone, my dear friend; go; I wish to be alone. Her sister obeyed; she called her back; no, no, my lit-

the darling, stay with me, stay a little; we shall not always be together; and the tears gushed from her eyes. You shall go to-bed presently; that you may be ready to-morrow to hear mass.——But, sister, you will not be there, if you mean to sit up all night, for you must sleep in the morning?——I shall be there! my dear! certainly, I shall be there! and then, as you observe, I shall sleep in the morning. So saying, she began to run over the ballad again, playing a few notes on the harp. But does not somebody knock? she cried, I hear a noise at the door. It was nothing but the wind. However, the little lady trembled, for her mind was still alarmed at the ghost. This, said she, is a terrible night! Yes, answered Miss de St. Cyran; but some days are as bad! The storm having at length ceased for two hours, my lady sent her sister away, after embracing her
 several

several times ; she then went to bed, and fell asleep. This morning I went into her room at six o'clock to dress her ; she asked me for her white India-satin gown ; I told her that she had kept it in her drawers all the spring and part of the autumn, and that it was no longer wearable. That is a whim, said she ; I will put it on once more. She often looked at her watch, and opened the windows ; it was still night ; but the weather was much clearer, and the stars visible. She leaned on the elbow of the casement, and looked earnestly at the plain, expressing some emotion, on hearing the sound of travellers' feet. She walked about the chamber ; sat down again ; had the fire light ; took a book ; threw it aside ; ordered breakfast on the table ; arose without touching it ; resumed her situation at the window, watching for the first crimson streaks of the morning. In all this she observed

the most profound silence; never speaking but to give me orders. When the first bell rung for mass, she turned pale, bade me fetch her a glass of water, and took it with a trembling hand. I really began to suspect that her mind laboured with some extraordinary design, and proposed to watch her narrowly the rest of the day. On comparing the circumstances of her behaviour the preceding night, I was confirmed in my resolution; but did not conjecture that the occasion was so alarming. When the last bell rung, I attended her to chapel: she at first cast her eye on the congregation, but did not remove it afterward from her book. Mass being over, she told me she had private prayers to say, and ordered me to take her sister home, saying that she would return by the assistance of a domestic. Every body had come out, and I grew uneasy at not seeing her;

I had

I had desired her attendants not to go far from her, and they gossiped with the farmers of the village at the church door. Suddenly there was a dreadful cry; I heard them say, Miss de St. Cyran is dead! and these words echoed like thunder through the house. A servant came up to me, but could not speak; I was putting Miss Charlotte's cap on; and flew away across the court-yard, where all was horrid confusion, running from one side to another, jostling, crying, weeping; I questioned, but no one could answer me. An old domestic tearing his hair, lay on the ground; I spoke to him; he pointed to the church; I ran thither, pressed through the throng that crowded the gate, and got to the altar—Oh! Sir! Oh! my master! What a sight! I beheld my mistress; I saw her stretched at the foot of the altar, her head resting on the lap of Mr. Faldoni, who, muffled up in his

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cloak,

cloak, lay on his side. They had each a pistol fastened to the thumb of the right hand with a ribbon; and had certainly agreed on some signal to discharge their pieces at the same instant. Miss de St. Cyran's shoulder was shattered, and she still breathed, Mr. Faldoni was wounded in the heart. As I entered, Miss Charlotte ran in; they would have kept her off; but she struggled violently, and got close to her sister. Ah! could you have seen her! Could you have seen the dear child! She extended her arms, and fell motionless on the body of my lady. Every assistance was given her, and, on recovering her senses, she shrieked horribly, exclaiming, they have killed my sister! they have killed my sister! She glued her lips to the dear lady's, and dissolved in a flood of tears. An attempt was made to remove her from the bleeding body, but to no purpose; she had locked it in her arms;

arms; spurred us with her feet; and said she would die with her sister. My lady shewing some signs of life, a surgeon flew to her aid; but his care was useless; she just opened her eyes; endeavoured to speak; and even lifted up one of her hands which immediately fell again; she uttered a faint murmur, and breathed her last sigh on the lips of her sister. It was impossible to keep off the croud, which increased every moment. A young man forced his way to us; the same who was married at the close of the summer by my mistress; he kneeled to her, kissed her hand, pressed it to his heart, and groaning, withdrew. We were in the utmost confusion and distress, when the Chevalier arrived; he turned every body out, and shut the door of the chapel. A servant put the horses in the chaise, and flew to find Mr. — the Curate. Gracious Heaven! what will the good man

say, when he learns the death of his god-daughter? It is a scene of general consternation; nothing is heard but groans; the peasants whose distresses she relieved, come and kneel at the church door, weeping and lifting their hands to heaven. Mothers, children, old men, fall down in the same sorrowful attitude; the court looks like a temple; I never saw any thing so affecting!

Monday.

The Curate arrived yesterday evening; he wept much; said this stroke would kill him; called incessantly on his children; spent the night by their side, in prayers and groans. They are laid out in the parlour; the Curate wishes them to be put into one coffin; but the Chevalier will not consent to it. The croud continues the same; they rush into the parlour at one door, and go out at the other.

It

It would have seemed cruel to refuse this indulgence to so many poor creatures, who wish just to have a parting view of their benefactress. We are all overcome with grief; Miss Charlotte is confined to her bed with a violent fever; the Curate has lost his fortitude; he is for ever saying, that he shall not live long; and sits by the side of the corpses that lie in their cloaths on a bed of state. A deadly silence reigns through the house; only the wind is heard whistling through the hollow apartments. Death seems to have stalked through the chamber; a dreary solitude prevails every where; excepting the parlour, which is never free from visitors, all is deserted. Dinner has not been served, nobody heeds it.

In the Evening.

The Bishop has issued a prohibition to bury them in consecrated ground;
this

this severity occasions a general murmur. They are to be carried to a willow-grove, half a league from hence.

— I am just come from paying my last duty to my mistress. Oh! God of mercy! Have pity on her! I wept at covering her with the winding sheet; indeed it pierced me to the heart. So sweet, so charming, in the bloom of her youth! Her features were still beautiful, notwithstanding her violent death. Her cheek, which retained something of it's native bloom, reclined on her shoulder; I ventured to kiss it; and bade her adieu with inexpressible anguish. The Chevalier seeing her laid out, burst into tears, and said, he should perpetually recall the friendship of their childhood, and their early affection. He cut off a lock of her hair, and withdrew to give vent to his grief.—I hear now the stroke of the hammer on the coffin.—Alas! it is all over! We shall
never

never see her again! Her nurse, who is here, exclaims, I was present at her birth! I nourished her with my milk! Then she beats her bosom; and her distress draws tears from the eyes of all who see her.

Ten o'Clock at Night.

They are gone! They are taken away! Ah! Sir, what gloominess! What solitude! The castle is deserted; nothing remains in it but women. We have shut ourselves up, to indulge our grief; my eyes are drowned in tears, as you will discover by the paper. When they were about to remove the bodies, the Curate drew near, supported by two servants; several gentlemen of the neighbourhood, drawn together by the report of our misfortune, and peasants from the adjoining village, filled the parlour and the passages. There was a general stop to lamentation, that the venerable

rable pastor, who began to raise his voice, might be heard. Speaking of his friend, he said that he had merited the love of his companion in death, and even forced those to esteem, who could not love him; he dwelt with a melancholy pleasure on the praise of his fair scholar, and communicated to every heart the same admiration of her, which swelled his own bosom. He recalled the sweetness of her disposition, her generosity, candour, exalted piety, and zeal for virtue, which had occasioned the sacrifice of her own happiness to her principles. He vindicated her partiality for Mr. Faldoni, by saying that it was sanctioned by her mother; he added roundly that the match which they would have forced upon her, was utterly unsuitable, and that perhaps one day her family would be convinced of it. When he came to touch on the fatal catastrophe, the melancholy occasion

of

of our assembling together, he proved that in the alternative of abandoning her father's house, or giving her hand to the object of her abhorrence, the distraction of her mind rendered her conduct excusable. At the close of his discourse he grew more animated; tears flowed down his cheeks; he called on his daughter with a plaintive voice; reproached her for having left him, and laying his hand on the coffin, exclaimed, ye have seen this daughter of Heaven in her walk on earth, ye have seen her hand scatter bounties. Which of you ever met a repulse from her? Which of you ever had occasion to complain of her? If any one, let him arise and speak. He affected the audience with this challenge; they replied, none! none! He then continued; have you not all experienced her liberality, old men, women, children, the poor, the infirm, the afflicted? Say, did she not nourish, comfort
and

and support you?—Yes! Yes! they cried with one voice.—Then mingle tears with mine; let us join in lamentation; let us conjure the Supreme Goodness to forgive these victims a momentary error, in consideration of a life dedicated to virtue. So saying, he prostrated himself, and every body following the example, he began the prayers for the dead; the doleful ceremony was repeated with loud groans; it seemed as if each had lost a sister and brother. When the funeral procession commenced at the tolling of the parish bell, a plaintive voice issued from the windows of the castle; it was Miss Charlotte's, who intreated to see her sister for the last time; she stretched out her arms toward the corpse; but was immediately carried to bed again. The two coffins surrounded with flambeaux; the venerable priest who chose to follow on foot, and hardly dragged himself

self along with his stick; such a train in mourning, and the sobbing croud, formed a scene melancholy beyond description. They arrived in the willow grove at midnight; we easily discerned them from our windows, by means of the clustering lights, which at a distance made the wood appear on fire. The bodies were interred in the same grave, and the Curate hallowed the ground without regarding the Proctor's censure.

This is a faithful account of every thing that has happened here these two days; the whole family has put on mourning; but God knows when that of our hearts will have an end!

THE

THE

POSTHUMOUS CORRESPONDENCE

OF

TERESA AND FALDONI.

LETTER LXV.

FALDONI TO THE CURATE.

Saturday Morning.

HOW much have I deceived you !
 What has it not cost me to impose on
 the best of men ! You thought me com-
 posed ; the clouds seemed to have left
 my forehead, while I was meditating
 thoughts of death. I did not venture
 to let you know my intention ; you
 would

would have opposed it by strong arguments, and eloquence more powerful than those; you would have embittered my last moments; and I should have distressed my friend; it was therefore better to part without an adieu. This is the only time I have been able to escape your penetration. Now I cease to exist, I may safely deposite the secret in your bosom; the moment you learn it, I shall descend to the tomb; if indeed my persecutors in life will allow a stone to cover my head! Should they refuse it, I rely on your humanity. Let me be interred safe in some forlorn solitude, far from the insult of fanatics, who would trample on my dust with disdain; and may I repose there by the side of my virtuous companion in death, whose hand I received from you! Let our bodies be covered with the same turf, and protected by the same shade! This is my will; condescend

send to see it executed. I dare not
 hope that we should lie in one cof-
 fin; the hatred of her family to me is
 too well known; but do not let us be
 buried afunder! When the fetheral
 dew descends on us in a fair summer's
 evening, come, my friend, and enjoy
 the breezes of our afylum; let your
 folitary thoughts recall the happy
 hours when we lived under your
 fmile. Then let the pious tear steal
 down your cheek, and your holy
 prayers beg the mercy of Heaven for
 your children. Alas! our arms can-
 not then be ftretched to embrace you;
 we cannot mingle fighs with your's;
 but we fhall be in company. I have
 obferved in my walks a wild fpot
 which will fuit us; it is planted with
 willows, interfectcd with freams, and
 furrounded with protecting hills. I
 have vifited this defert, as people take
 a view of the place they are to inha-
 bit; it appeared to me fit for religious
 brot medita-

meditation; it may perhaps allure the sentimental, to come and sigh their pains, to weep their loves, to regret their past felicities, and to feed their melancholy with the sight of our tomb. Perhaps, should pity grant us a rustic stone, with our affecting story engraved on it, the spectators may lament that sincere love should be so unfortunate.

At Noon.

I AM just come from reviewing my last habitation; I walked there a long while; have chosen the spot where I could wish to lie; have even dug up the earth with my cane; so that the work is half done. At present I am calm enough, and willing to reason with you. Musing in the grove, I collected the strongest arguments in favour of my design; but have forgotten them; my memory fails me; alas! I have lost them all! I never
read

read the sophists who have written on Suicide; their volumes are tediously verbose, but do not teach us to die. The writers were inanimate beings, who disputed coolly on a fit of despair; besides all their philosophy, as a witty woman expressed it, is good for nothing, until we have no occasion for it. I limit myself to the consideration that God is merciful, and the soul immortal. I wish for no more. I do not inquire whether I have a right to throw off a burden that galls me; or whether my life being my own, I may dispose of it at pleasure; of what consequence are all these hackneyed topics the moment I cease to exist? But I love to indulge the comfortable belief of immortality; I love to think that there is another world, where the father who inhumanly murders his children, will suffer just punishment; where the meek, timid dove, torn by this vulture, will find a refuge in the bosom

bosom of nature's parent, and receive from him the crown of innocence; where two persecuted lovers will find an asylum from the barbarous and base prejudices of mankind. Oh my friend, how easy it is to resign life, when we think of eternity! I cannot understand what those philosophers mean, who endeavour to destroy the sweetest hope of the unfortunate, presenting annihilation, as the bounds of their sufferings. Cruel system, the underminer of all happiness! He who first conceived it, should have shuddered with horror; he who first published it, should have been punished for blasphemy. Yet an opinion that flattered the irregularity of the passions, that sapped the foundation of virtue, that represented after this life no judge nor punishment; I do not wonder should gain proselytes. Supported by this, the assassin sat with indifference on the tomb of the friend

he had stabbed; saying to himself, when I die, I die altogether. Supported by this, the vile seducer rising from the arms of the maid whom he had devoted to endless grief, braved the horrors of remorse; and the secret criminal who escaped the eye of the law, walked abroad without blushing. But for the number of men who are interested in annihilation, how many are there to whom another life is indispensable? What then is the mad project of those contemptible reasoners who whisper in the honest, but unfortunate man's ear, you see vice triumph, and virtue suffer; you conclude from thence that there must be a retribution after death; this is an erroneous sentiment, which vanishes on reflection; a prejudice founded in human pride, which imagines the Supreme so much concerned for this spot of creation, to punish or reward the atoms, it's inhabitants, for hav-

ing

ing obeyed or broken the laws of their own institution. Barbarians! pretending to alleviate our woes, they render them intolerable; they deprive us of our only comfort under all other losses. Are not men sufficiently miserable, that you must aggravate their wretchedness by degrading their condition? Where is the equity of the Creator? Where his Providence manifest in all his works? The soul and body, it seems, are but one matter differently modified! There is but one substance in the universe, and my being and that which exists a thousand leagues from me are the same! You allow that I think, yet deny me the faculty of thinking! The cause of my ideas, you say, is the impression objects make on my organs! Infatuated men! away with your madness! I examine my thought! compared it with it's object; doubt, determine, choose; these operations can proceed only from a

simple, unextended being. Can you halve a reflection, divide an act of the judgment or will, conceive under the idea of extent and motion, order, virtue, moral qualities, metaphysical attributes? If not, it is evident that the faculties of the mind are superior to matter; that the mind is a simple principle, acting independently, and that the numerous little bodies, of which you compose the ramifications of thought, cannot produce one; for if the motions of your atoms excited thought, the same word, for example, would in all countries affect the organs in the same manner, and from thence would result the same idea; yet a word significant in one language, conveys no meaning in another. I farther beg to be informed, by what agent your atoms were set in motion? By their object? Then the motion would only cease with the impresson made, and

we

we could not drop or resume our thoughts. A supposition equally repugnant to reason.

But why should I labour to destroy a chimera? The mind receives at the same instant different impressions; separates, compares, and judges of them; it darts through abstract, universal, and metaphysical ideas; knows the past; foresees the future; connects remote periods, measures distances, fathoms infinity, and illuminates the field of truth, with the torch of analysis. What contrary tides agitate it! It wills, it disapproves; it praises one moment what it blames the next; is now gay, now sad; passes like lightning from fear to hope, from love to hatred, from the calm of tranquillity to the tempest of passion; it is enchanted with harmony; allured and persuaded by eloquence; seduced by the magic of the arts; inflamed with emulation by the recital of exalted

actions ; and beauty inspirited by sensibility of soul appears to it the image of the Deity. That thirst for knowledge and enjoyment, that restless panting after perfect felicity, that astonishing union of grandeur and baseness, of weakness and strength, of vice and virtue, which compose the element of our soul, that perpetual war between the senses which chains us to earth, and reason that raises us above ourselves, that two-fold being of which we are constituted, are striking proofs that lend their dazzling rays, like the sun in the focus of a glass, to convince me that blind dull matter is not the principle of animation.

Thus I establish the spirituality of my soul ; and am farther assured that a spirit is incapable of increase, alteration of parts or dissolution ; and thus I have gained ground in the knowledge of it's immortality. But here the hand of God draws a veil over
nature ;

nature; here he says to me as to the ocean, whose billows he has limited by the shore, thus far thou shalt go, and no farther. But why should I wish to exceed the limits of human reason? The belief of another life has been received by all nations on earth; every mouth has confessed; every worship admitted it; antiquity made it the object of her mysteries, symbols, and religious festivals; the images of Isis, Ceres and Adonis were only representations of another life, and their ceremonies had a reference to a general resurrection.

The voice that ascends from every corner of the universe, is that of conscience; she admonishes all men, that being strangers and pilgrims here, they are created for a nobler end and a better habitation; she says to the unfortunate, wait and you shall be comforted; to the criminal, tremble, for you shall live; to the good, your

reward is at hand. Divine voice! uncorrupted oracle! How can I not believe you? You have never deceived me. When error seduced me, when human weakness dragged me toward vice, you thundered within, as my accuser; I heard your tremendous accents pronounce my sentence; when I emerged from my abasement, and was alive once more to the rapture of doing good, you approved my conduct; you rendered me self-satisfied; you now tell me, that I am immortal, and I trust to your evidence.

Did any doubt arise in my mind, I would kneel at the throne of the Supreme, and say, Father of nature! I know that it is in thy power to destroy thy work, and that thou alone art superior to ages. The multitude of transitory moments which we call time, are but a point to thy duration; the universe is lost in thy immensity, and the atoms scattered like grains of sand

stand on this heap of clay, are not in-
 titled to the glorious attributes of thy
 being; yet under the government of a
 just and good God, my soul revolts at
 the idea of annihilation. I have seen
 human institutions destroy the har-
 mony of life, change the primitive
 notions of morality, and by arbitrary
 laws abrogate those of reason; I have
 seen the unfortunate man, bending
 under a load of misery, lift his hands
 to Heaven for that heritage which
 belongs to all her children, though
 alienated by the great ones of this
 world; I have seen the triumph of
 villany and the disgrace of virtue;
 if we die altogether, where is the or-
 der of thy Providence, and the distri-
 bution of thy justice? Yet, whatever
 may be my fate, O Sovereign Arbitrer
 of worlds! I presume not to scruti-
 nise thy ways, but humble myself
 before thee, and place a confidence in
 thy decrees, unbounded as their equity.

If farther illumination had been necessary to perfect my reason; should I have become more virtuous by being better informed; thou wouldest not have concealed from me the means of my improvement. But in this dawn of being, hast thou not given me sufficient light for my conduct? Perhaps it was thy intention to confound the pride of man, by surrounding him with mysteries, making even his own nature to him a paradox. Whither has a rash desire of knowing himself, carried the presumptuous! What reveries have distracted the imaginations of sophists! What precious time have they lost in the search of chimeras! What a world of good they might have done while they were pursuing useless studies! I shut their uncertain volumes, and read the book of nature, from whence I learned the value of thy benefits. I am now returning to Thee, and shall not have lived

lived in vain, if I leave any traces of virtue behind me.

O my friend! What pleasures rush on my mind from the conviction of my immortality! With what a triumphant smile I view my own importance! Elevated by such ideas, my feet scarce touch the ground; I seem to have wings; am ready to fly; spurn the clod of earth, no longer my country; look on Heaven as my birth-right, and pant to quaff those rivers of joy that flow for evermore. Why should they not be mine? The virtuous lover must find grace in the eyes of the Preserver of the universe; it is He who sows the seeds of good dispositions in our souls, and punishes only the abuse of his benefits. I do not forsake the earth to avoid his countenance, which I never dreaded; but to escape from the distress that overwhelms me; to claim in his presence the companion, his gift, of which

men would deprive me ; and why, in those regions of delight, should we not hope to meet again ? It would be shocking to suppose that death will break the ties that attached us to our friends ; and that objects, now so dear, will to us be no more. To distinguish my mistress in a circle, was it necessary for me to see her ? Did not a secret emotion, an involuntary transport announce her presence to me ? When I waited for her, had I not an inward presentiment of her approach ? Yes, that heavenly instinct, independent of our organs, is an essential modification of our soul, and we can never lose it. Yes, I flatter myself that the same charm which brought two congenial souls together in this life, will survive the destruction of matter, and preserve in them the ethereal flame that glided through their veins. I dare expect that in the auspicious smile of the Supreme Benefactor,

factor, the noble sentiments which animated our bosoms in this world may revive, and then, freed from the bondage of the passions, they will shine in all their native beauty and purity, bright as when first their emanations beamed from the bosom of their Eternal Father.

Nine o'Clock.

What a shocking night ! The winds howl from every quarter ! Darknefs, rain, hail, and a threatening flood render nature a scene of horror and I am returned from my last evening's walk. I have been wandering over the heath, and across the streams swollen with the torrents from above ; I breathed the spirit of the storm ; lifted my hands and cried, Winds, tempest, hurricanes, thunder on me ! I have nothing now to lose. Apparitions skimmed across the plain ; I distinguished

guished the shades of Louisa, Susanna, and her father ; they seemed to mount on fiery meteors, and blend their murmurs with the doleful noise of the winds. I darted toward those gloomy ghosts, and longed to disappear with them in the shock of elements. My dog howled at me. Dear faithful companion of all my motions ! You will soon seek your master, and not find him. Perhaps friendship may bring you to my tomb ; you will rake up the earth where I sleep ; your tears will trickle, and you will pierce the vallies with your shrieks.

The tempest increases ; heaven looks like the troubled ocean. I hear the crash of shattered trees, and a dismal roar echoed from the mountains. A few stars glimmer through the clouds, but quickly disappear. The pitchy vault of the firmament rolls like a black garment. And does nature assume this mourning for the departure

ture of two of her children? Behold the moon, to whom I have so often been a votary! Her rays dart on the castle of Ormes, that infernal prison in which groans a heart as broken as my own.—The queen of night now beams on the grove of which I have taken possession. I hail thee, silent desert, where I go at length to find repose!—At sight of it a singular thought strikes me. I could wish, when we have left this earth, that our souls might inhabit that dear planet. How charming a place!—How sweetly serene!—It must be Elysium; a world made on purpose for lovers! But perhaps I should there find men.—Adieu! fair star, to whom I am indebted for so many agreeable walks; you shall shortly silver the turf of my tomb.—I look for the arbour of Justina visited by Teresa, the bank where she sat down—All is lost in darkness—Thus
shall

shall I be to-morrow; buried in perpetual night! cold! insensible!—

The world will assume a new appearance; empires fall and rise; years, ages will roll over me, and I shall still be there! The nightingales will sing by my side in the evenings of May; the breezy coolness of morning will fan my couch; spring will renew the willows that shade it; even the grass that covers me will vegetate; but I alone shall continue inanimate!—

Annihilation! Dreadful thought! The mind is lost in thy abyss, and shrinks back with horror. To be, and to be no more! To be ingulphed in the past! To vanish like the shadows of the clouds! To be effaced from the memory of mankind like the fugitive ideas of fancy! Well, be it so! What evil to exist no more on the accursed earth? I shall leave my cast-off garments with it, as one in a hurry to quit an inconvenient inn, leaves behind

behind some worthless piece of apparel; but my soul will be somewhere.—Yes, let us comfort ourselves, Teresa; we are going to a better house.—She waits for me—But, gracious Heaven! should I deceive myself! should I drag her to everlasting woe! If, instead of expected happiness, I should meet with immeasurable torments! Torments? Cruel men! They belong only to you. Torments! with a God of Clemency! How can one associate things so opposite? How conceive that the Author, Friend, Comforter of all beings, should afflict two innocent creatures, for not having been able to support their misery? Ah! if He himself was seen to sink beneath the sufferings of humanity; if he removed from his lips the cup of sorrow, can weak mortals drain it? Have they not a right to rise up from the banquet of life, when every thing tastes bitter? It is true,

that

that could I have formed an agreeable connection for life, I should have prized existence; but the men whom you call my fellow-creatures, have repulsed, lacerated, covered me with ignominy; and you would have me bear with them, to be the outcast of the vile herd! No, my friend, no! No more connection with them! We cannot both live on the same ground; and since they walk on it, I must depart.

Sunday, six in the Morning.

I have just awaked from a sweet refreshing slumber; on starting up, I opened my window to view the sky; how serene! how bright! The storm is composed; but my heart continues the same! I discover the morning star; it will conduct me to an interview, very different from those to which it has so often been my guide.—My dog caresses me.—Poor animal! I
kiss

kiss him and weep.—Dear friend! take him for a legacy; you will by him remember his master.—But the cock begins to crow; the busy world resume it's toils—and mine are nearly at an end! Come! Let us prepare the instruments of death, which are to convey us to a better world! O God, whom trembling I invoke; unknown, dreadful Power! I prostrate myself before Thee; hear my last prayer! I am not a profligate; my hands are not stained with crimes; yet, being about to appear in thy presence, I tremble! Wert thou a God of vengeance, as those impostors have painted thee; could thy punishments await a wretch who abandons life, a stranger to happiness? Ready to plunge into the awful gulph of eternity, I implore thy assistance; not for my own sake, but that of a tender and virtuous companion, whose only fault is the having loved me. Do not chastize

chastize her for her affection; but if it be a crime to have anticipated the moment of appearing before thy throne, let thy vengeance be levelled at me! — The hour strikes — This is a tedious delay! — Let me press thee to my heart, dear precious ribbon, once the ornament of her pure, virgin bosom! Adored pledge of esteem, which I have a thousand times pressed to my lips; you shall accompany me to the tomb. — Adieu! generous friend! Adieu! my protector! I bear with me gratitude for your favours; you are the only person I regret leaving behind. Adieu, dear cottage, where I have spent such delightful days! Adieu, ye fields, made beautiful by Teresa's presence! Adieu, heaven and earth! Groves where I used to meditate! Thou lovely valley, and river, whose banks have so often received me! Adieu — your friend must never behold you more!

Note

Note of the FRENCH EDITOR.

It was my design to have refused the strange notions conveyed in this epistle; for the crime of Suicide is so odious, that the shadow of it's vindication must shock all sound heads and good hearts: but on maturer reflection, I discovered such folly and absurdity in the arguments of Faldoni, that I was ashamed of giving them an answer. He is evidently a man at a loss, his head is giddy, and his discourse wants connection. Besides the wretch is an object of pity. Could he reason deliberately on such an action, he would be a monster, undeserving the affection of the indiscreet girl who so quickly passes from the strains of tender devotion to the extravagances of a guilty delirium; a wonderful contrast! but consistent with the nature of the passions. We
are

are interested for the parties, because they are both sincere; they see nothing in the world but themselves; and reject a life in which they have no prospect of being united, for one where they hope never to part.

LET.

LETTER XLVI.

TERESA TO HER FATHER.

SIR,

I AM going to address you in a style, which perhaps no daughter ever used to a father before; but I am not bound by vulgar rules, as my misfortune is without precedent. I write to you from the borders of the grave; when you peruse this letter, Teresa will have resumed her liberty; no longer your daughter, she will be—nothing. Relentless man!—Forgive this transport, Sir! I still recollect that you were once my father, and conjure you to lend me an ear. To my sorrow, you never loved me; yet on reviewing my past life, I cannot guess the motive for your hatred to a child

child whose love centered in you, and who piously used her best endeavours to deserve your affection. How harshly you banished me from your presence! Rarely had my eyes the pleasure of viewing you, and the days of my escape from the convent were to me gracious festivals. Yet your sternness was still too apparent in those soft intercourses, when I came with the filial tribute of my fondness and earnest desire to please. My caresses seemed troublesome to you, and I left your arms with tears of anguish; while other daughters retire from a father's bosom with emotions of reverence, and tears of extasy. It may be that prepossessed with the idea of your aversion, I felt the coldness of this reception more sensibly; for it wounded me to the very soul. When I forsook the cloister where you had confined me from my childhood, and I anticipated the transport of living in
sight

sight of my parents, your severity toward me redoubled; you no longer favoured me with your conversation, seldom looked at me; and when you did, there was not that kindness in your looks congenial with my wishes. My brother engrossed your attention; in him centered your affections, your daily discourse, your schemes, your cares, your undertakings; though absent, his influence prevailed, and I was forgotten. Heaven, witness! that I never envied the preference you shewed my brother. Alas! my unambitious heart would leap through the day, if you condescended to bestow on me a milder look than usual. Happy to hear a word from your lips, to see a smile on your brow, I exulted in my felicity. Ah! Sir, could you but know, how you would have brightened my life by the least indulgence; how little it would have cost you to have been beloved, nay more, to have been adored by

your daughter! I was forward to meet that tenderness, which never blessed me, though all my endeavours were employed to win it. Had you demanded my life, I had laid it down as readily as I quit it now. Nay, when you condescended to beg that I would not frustrate a father's wish, I felt for the first time the happiness of having one; an additional endearment had moulded me to your purpose; poor Teresa had submitted herself the victim of parental authority, and set the seal to her everlasting misery. Why then, by your hostilities, drive me to the verge of despair? Why rack a wretch who resists only by tears and supplications? How have I provoked your vengeance? Or was I criminal for not entering into the engagement to which you would have compelled me? Ah! Sir, what reason have you for self-reproach! Perhaps one day you may discover the wretched husband

husband of whom you had made choice for your daughter. When you become acquainted with the infamy of his character, you will too late repent of your cruelty. I shall not stain my paper by displaying all the instances of his turpitude; because you would not believe them, and that it is indifferent to me whether they are ever disclosed to you. But I trust to time for my vindication; and then will not the reflection of having cursed me drive you to despair? Heavens! how could you pronounce that tremendous malediction without shuddering with horror? Inhuman father! behold the fruits of it. Your daughter is lost both in this life and the other. Madness seizes me; I die; I rush into an abyss of woes; but none can equal those of your imposing from which I would escape. Adieu! Sir; if possible, live free from the anguish of remorse. Yet when you reflect that

I 2 you

you had once a daughter, will your
 heart suffer no perturbation? You
 have one still remaining, and to her I
 intreat you at least to prove your hu-
 manity, if not your affection. On
 my knees I conjure you do not destroy
 her; do not drive all your family to
 the tomb. Consider that grief cut
 short the life of my mother. At that
 dear name my wounds bleed anew;
 I call to mind her cares, her kind-
 nefs, her constant friendship; she al-
 leviated the hardship of my fate in
 not being beloved by a father. How
 often have I poured into her bosom
 the bitter tears which you occasioned!
 Mingling her own with them, she
 administered consolation for your se-
 verity. Recollect the day, Sir, when
 you so far forgot the parent as to lift
 your hand against an innocent child;
 she saw me faint at your feet; and
 never could banish the tragic scene
 from

from her imagination. Alas! were she still living, how could I resolve to quit the vital day! But she breathes no more; and I haste to join her. For you, Sir, I do not wish to see you again. Your hatred to me has been so rooted; and you have wounded me with such injuries, that the sight of me must give you pain. But if your heart is capable of change, if in another world you resume the sentiments of a father, what a felicity! with what ardour shall I spring to your arms, and claim the arrears due to the years of my affection, which you have never noticed! Condescend to love me, and all is forgotten. Should it soften you, I shall glory in my death. Think that I was your child, and allow me still to call you my father. It is the last time that so tender a word will issue from my lips. As you peruse this letter in which the

recesses of my soul are exposed to you,
 Oh! bathe it with the tears of love
 and concern. Hear this last petition,
 my father; I ask but your tears, and
 die content.

LET.

LETTER LXVII.

TERESA TO CONSTANTIA.

WE must part, my dear Constantia; yes, we must part for ever! I am going into an undiscovered country; indeed I know not whither I am going; nor does it concern me. I shall be out of the reach of my persecutors, which is all I wish for. You may well imagine that I do not go alone; it is true, that another accompanies me; it is also true, that life or death, without him, are to me indifferent. Yet do not conclude that therefore you are less dear to me. Amiable Constantia! My affectionate and faithful friend! How do I regret thy loss! What tears have I shed in resolving on this separation! But my sufferings have been so accumulated! I was so

weary of living ! It was indispensable
 to end these horrors. Could you have
 believed that the delicate, the timid
 Teresa would have been rendered thus
 daring from despair ? No doubt you
 will be shocked to learn it, and the
 circumstances of my death must ag-
 gravate your affliction. I foresee the
 poignancy of your distress ; we were
 so intimately united in esteem. But
 in the ordinary train of events, must
 we not one day have parted ? The
 longer we had lived, the more closely
 our hearts would have cleaved toge-
 ther ; and the more painfully should
 we have taken our final adieu. Be
 comforted, my sweet friend, I will
 not forget thee. My soul shall at-
 tend on thee as thy guardian spirit,
 and turn the point of every danger.
 In the peaceful reign of night I will
 often present myself to thy view, and
 gild thy slumbers with images of our
 past endearments. How can I cease
 to

to love thee, I who have lived in thy heart, who have wept at thy tears, who have rejoiced with thy joy, who have made thee the partner of all my sentiments? I could have wished that you might have closed my eyes, and have received the last sigh of my expiring breath; I could have wished to have been laid in the earth at the feet of my mother. But I was not born to that happiness; I must die agreeably to the tenor of my life in anguish and desertion. Heaven bless my dearest Constantia, and shower down it's choicest influences on her favoured head! This is the only prayer I have to make, and am sure of it's being answered. Providence must occasionally, in it's own vindication, bestow a reward on virtue. Dry your tears, sister of my heart, life is not of such value, that we should mourn for those who leave it. How must I have dragged my days in the world, the

I 5

victim

victim of a passion which I could neither indulge, nor subdue, condemned to the arms of the most odious of mankind, and ever struggling with the aversion inspired by his sight? Perhaps I should have lingered for two or three years in torture, and sunk at last under my disgust. Is it not much better to die now? If I dared to raise my voice to the Creator, if the clay had a right to murmur in the hands of the potter, I might ask God why he had mingled for me so bitter a potion? Why from the moment that my eyes beheld the light they gushed with tears, and have till this day supplied an unceasing stream? Did I deserve so unequal a share in the distribution of good and evil? Was I peculiarly formed to be miserable? Human affairs must be in the disposal of destiny! I was indebted to Heaven for some beauty; education had embellished it with elegant accomplish-

I ments

ments and useful knowledge; fortune had left me nothing to wish for; and you see the result of all these advantages! My days have been wasted in tears; and I conclude with throwing from me this insupportable load of life.—Farewell! my friend, lamentation has no place, when we are going to be released from sufferings. Preserve with religious care all the pledges of my esteem; regard them as monuments of the most perfect friendship. Cherish my memory; frequently peruse my letters; the tears which they will occasion you to shed will not stream without a secret pleasure. Honour me sometimes with the mention of my name in your conversations; I flatter myself that you will never speak of your departed friend without a tender emotion. Tell your mother that I adored her equally with my own; conjure her not to banish me from her bosom. Should

calumny attack my fame; be ye my protectresses; lift up your voices in my defence; relate the pains which I have endured, and the sacrifices I have offered; explain without reserve what my pride would never suffer me to reveal; paint the man who to me was more dreadful than the tomb; publish his life, to vindicate my death. Let it be known that he took refuge in the Indies, to avoid that punishment which awaited his crimes in France; that having married in those distant climates a Creole with a considerable fortune, he killed her by the most barbarous usage; that having had two daughters by her, he banished them to a convent to secure his estate to a child, born in his wife's life-time of an illegitimate connection; let it be known that his sisters are pining in poverty, and that he refuses to see them; that his father died in an hospital without the pious son's

deigning

deigning to inquire what became of him; that he continues to live with the wretch whom he has obliged to follow him; and to whom he would have made me a slave—I can no more, my pen refuses to trace the long catalogue of his infamies. You may ask me, dear friend, why I did not acquaint my father with these circumstances? I thought that the monster would not be obtruded on me after my perseverance in refusing his hand; and when violent measures were adopted, I resolved on everlasting silence, influenced as much by pride as prudence. For perhaps my remonstrances would not have been heard; perhaps my discoveries would have been treated as impositions; I must have named my authors; and Heaven itself would not have been credited by the tyrants who had vowed my destruction. What could I do in such an extremity? Should I have had
 recourse

recourse to the clandestine aid of flight, and thus expose myself to public censure? I could have escaped; the means were offered me; and to embrace them seemed the dictate of reason. What an allurements was held out to seduce me! Ah! Constantia, they gave me to hope that I might be united to the brother of my heart. Mr. de Themine invited me to that delightful spot, the idea of which still charms my imagination. There he promised me an asylum; and there was but a step between me and happiness. But on the other hand, consider how easy it was for an enraged family by it's influence to bury in a dungeon an unfortunate stranger, who had no connections, and whom no one would claim, should he thus suddenly have disappeared. Shall I disclose every thing to you? The warmth of his attachment for me, which he could not suppress in the presence of my

my brother, brought a quarrel on him in which his blood had like to have paid for it ; wearied out with such a train of persecutions, he wished for relief in death. How could I suffer him to go alone ? I for whom he had just exposed his life ; I who should have died with grief the moment that he expired ? It is therefore certain, my dear cousin, that our souls are transformed by the passions, and that those who have a real love for virtue, may notwithstanding become the victims of guilt——of guilt ! did I say ? And am I then criminal ?——Adieu ! my faithful friend, intreat the Divine Clemency to pardon my weakness. It is to return to my Father that I go ; I shall see him ; I shall relate my sufferings to him, and he will pity me. It is known to him, that before that fatal moment, virtue was ever dear to me, and that my life has not been wasted without the performance of
some

some good works. The error of a day cannot obliterate with him eighteen years of innocence; I dare aver that my heart is pure, notwithstanding this treacherous passion; neither am I afraid to render an account of my actions at his awful tribunal. A week since I was as self-satisfied as ever in my life. Notwithstanding my injuries, I would not have bartered my peace of conscience for the treasures of kings. What a surprising revolution has happened to me! Into what a dreadful abyss has fallen the angel of light! Ah! my Constantia, beware of the seductions of pride. The consciousness of our virtue only promotes our destruction, and our vain presumption is punished by the sudden dissipation of hope. Remember, my dearest friend, that the piety which defended me like an invulnerable Egis, the purest principles of a rigid education, the pride that made me

me

me despise the very shadow of a weakness, all, all have proved insufficient to save me. I am much indebted to Mr. —, the Curate; his conversation has preserved in my mind the small remains of reason which enlighten it; I am too sensible how greatly I shall afflict the excellent pastor; I ought to write to him; but what can I say? How pen my justification? To you, my dear cousin, I recommend him for comfort; let him see this letter; assure him that even in death I retain the most affectionate respect for him, and the most grateful remembrance of all his friendships.

The

The ENGLISH EDITOR'S Note.

IT is to be hoped, for the honour of human nature, that few fathers are to be found so inattentive to the real interest of their children, as to prefer in the matrimonial union the glitter of wealth, to the more essential requisites of personal merit and instinctive attractions. For imprudent affection in their offspring, they should indulgently recollect the ingenuous period of youth and inexperience, when the heart is exquisitely susceptible, the imagination vivid, and the passions glowing. At the same time it may be presumed, that the wish of the parent will commonly influence the choice of the child, except as in the instance of Teresa, where death itself must be preferable to an hymeneal connection, that menaces a living interment. In such an alternative to embrace the former, though a conduct which cannot be recommended by the colours of our hero's panegyric, must at least be allowed to prove the genuine wretchedness, if not consequent insanity, of the pitiable victim; and sting
with

with everlasting remorse the unnatural bosom of it's tyrannic author.—How many, who have sacrificed the partiality of their feelings to the considerations of filial duty, drag out their miserable days, like the Roman criminals of old, with a noisome carcase attached to them; or like the unhappy objects of public justice in Turkey and other countries at present, carry the engines of their own torture with them wherever they wander!

The exit of the two principal actors, in these volumes, however dismal or reprehensible, is by no means feigned; as appears from the public prints of August, 1780; and all, under whatever circumstances, who like them have rushed into the unknown world before they were called, have complained that life was an intolerable load. What a lesson ought this to be to every individual, not to drive by any oppression a fellow-creature to the verge of despair, nor to hurl him down a precipice from which he can never arise! But the following pieces, which I have taken the liberty to annex, will speak more forcibly to the heart on this point, than volumes of my own writing.

with everlasting remembrance the universal
bottom of a tyrannic nation — How
many, who have laboured, the par-
ticulars of their labours are the same
descriptions of their labours, and their
particulars, like the Roman ci-
vilians of old, with a nation of
attached to them; of the un-
der of the nation, and the
and other countries as persons many
the agents of their own country
them it follows they were the
The end of the two principal
in these volumes, however, different
replicable, is by means of the
as appears from the title of the
Gulf, 1880; and all under the same
circumstances, who live, they are
ed into the nation, to all these
they were called, and the same
the same in the same way, and
I have only to say, the same, and
not to give any other name
a separate volume to each volume
that, not to give any other name
the same, and was considered
the same, and was considered
the same, and was considered
taken the liberty to make, well, and
more forcibly to the point of this book
than volumes of my own writing.

Original Letters of Captain Von Arenswald, who killed himself the 29th of September, 1781; with an Account of the Manner of his Death and Remarks, in German. From Dr Maty's Literary Review, for September, 1783.

AS there is something affecting and curious in this unfortunate young man's case, I could not abstain, though but little acquainted with the language in which it is written, from the temptation of making an extract from it.

"Captain Von Arenswald was Captain of the life-guards to the Duke of All who knew him are full of his praises, and join in giving him the character of a good, upright, and humane man. He had more understanding and reading than commonly fall to the share of gentlemen of his profession. His notions of honour were rather overstrained, but in his ordinary conversation, he was uncommonly lively and pleasant, and only within a short time of his death discovered a melancholy that had never been observed in him before. To all these external accomplishments, he added the recommendation of a good person, without being an Adonis. He had, however, the misfortune, and a great misfortune it proved to him, not to be a Christian; but the rectitude of his life and the simplicity of his manners, shamed many of those who professed themselves to be such. In his regiment he was adored, and was considered as the father of his men.

"His ideas of friendship were carried to a degree of enthusiasm scarce ever heard of, and to them he owed his ruin. There happened to come to the town where he resided, a young man

man who was the Alcibiades of his time. The beauty of this young man's person, the liveliness of his wit, and his universal knowledge, soon gained him admittance into the best company in town; and all the young men were proud to be known to him, and to imitate his carriage.—With him and some of their common friends, Von-Arenswald soon entered into what they called a *friendly society*; this order used to have regular meetings, in which they debated upon every topic, read free-thinking books, and sometimes only eat and drank. The private statutes of the order, which was something like a more select and refined species of free-masonry, I never could get at; but I know their peculiar tenet was a community of goods. To this Von-Arenswald owed his ruin, for the stranger, who had made a great figure, and passed himself for a man of fortune, having contracted considerable debts, the other looked upon it as his duty to be bound for him. The stranger never paid, and in consequence of the sums he was forced to take up from usurers, Von-Arenswald saw his ruin coming on. It was then that a growing dislike to his profession, a *tedium vite* brought on perhaps in some degree by bodily infirmity, made him form the resolution of putting an end to his existence. But he kept it for several years in his breast, and none of his friends suspected it till it had taken effect.

“On Michaelmas day of last year, which was the day of his death, he went to court, and conversed upon indifferent topics with his usual chearfulness, and in the evening returned with a couple of his friends to Blosswitz. He amused them with various topics, which, as usual, were alternately grave and gay; but at this time the former seemed to have the lead. Arenswald
laid

laid himself down upon the grass, looked at the sky with a steady countenance, and at last broke out into these expressions: "How soon may a man be in a better world! perhaps I may know before morning by experience, what it is to be an inhabitant of heaven!" His friends were then alarmed, and asked what he meant by it. "Nothing," says he, "but that no man can be sure of his life a moment." When they were come to town, and had separated, one of them, from a misgiving that Arenswald might have some bad design, sent his servant to him; but the man returning, and saying that he had found him at his desk writing, quieted his fears. Upon Arenswald's servant (the truest and truest that master ever had) coming to undress him, he told him to go to bed, for that he had writing to do, and would undress himself. The next morning, on coming in to awake him, the man did not find him in bed. In the greatest fright he ran to the alcove, where he had left him writing the night before, and found him sitting dead in the arm-chair, in the uniform in which he had gone to court the day before. The pistols were lying at his feet. They had been loaded only with powder, and nobody had heard any report, so that, like La-Chapelle, a few years before, he was stifled with the vapour of the powder. On the table were several letters sealed, and an open billet for his servant, with a guinea in it. In the billet he thanks the servant in the strongest terms for his services, beseeches him not to take his death too much to heart, and bids him carry the letters to their directions.

"The honourable servant, out of himself with affright, thought nothing of the gold before him, but instantaneously ran to the Auditor,
to

to tell him of the news. The Judge Advocate immediately took possession of the effects, and sent the letters to the persons to whom they were directed. As to the body, it was not sent to be anatomized, as its inhabitant had conjectured it would, but secretly buried in the churchyard. While the servant was gone to the Auditor's, the company which Arenswald commanded had drawn up as usual around their commanding officer's lodging. The consternation of these brave men, when they heard the tragical fate of their fatherly leader, is not to be described. Man never heard such a host of armed men at once in tears before. They all wept like children. For a long time they insisted on having the liberty to bury him with military honours; but this was impossible on account of the publicity of the self-murder. Only the carpenter of the regiment obtained permission to make him a coffin. Such was the end of a man possessed of the finest qualities of the heart and head, and in the prime of his life. He was lamented by every body as one who deserved a better fate. Here follow some of his letters, of the authenticity of which I can have no doubt, as the several copies I have seen of them all agree. They are all nearly on the same subject, except that to the young man for whom he had been security; but of this I shall only give the sense. "After blaming him, without using any reproachful words, but in the strongest terms, "as the ungrateful source of his misfortunes; "he acquaints him with the step which he finds himself at length compelled to take to break through them. He forgives him intirely the wrong he has done himself; but toward the end conjures him to pay his poor servant, who had lost his wages through this security!"

Whether

"Whether this ungrateful man did kill himself after the receipt of this letter, as I have been assured he did, I have not been able to ascertain.

"That Von Arenswald wished for nothing so much as that the manner of his death should be concealed from his mother, an old woman of eighty, is evident from the following letter which he sent to an officer in the same regiment, with whom he does not appear to have been very intimate before."

NUMBER I.

"As never, during the whole course of my life, did I make to Edward Hockwolgeh a request which he did not comply with, so I trust he will comply with this, which will not reach him till I am no more—my wish is briefly this, that he will take care the manner of my death reach not my worthy, and soon eighty years-of-aged mother. Write to her, I beseech thee, that I died after two or three weeks sickness, in the course of which I had all the customary assistances of religion. My only concern has been to live the life of an upright man, but having been precipitated into a series of misfortunes, which indeed I brought not upon myself, but out of which no thought has been able to extricate me, death appears to me far preferable to such a life. Most sincerely do I wish, Edward Hockwolgeh, that, when you are as near death as I am, you may be able to look back as calmly upon your past actions as I do upon mine.

"Von Arenswald."

NUMBER II.

"To the Minister of ———"

"Your profession obliges you to blame me, but your good heart will love me even in death.

You know how dearly I loved you, and how much it was the wish of my soul to be good, honest, and upright. God looks to the will and design of the heart, more than to the performance. I thank you once again for the happy days I lately spent with you. I have had few that resembled them in the last years of my life. I was pleased from the bottom of my soul, notwithstanding that the last hour of my life was already fixed.

"From this time I am to live only five days. I have thought long and well upon it, and have found that man must go out of all his sorrows by this door—Nor is there much difference—it is as if you went over the Elbe by Kelgenbrode, and I on this side over Geberter: in Meissen we should meet—yes, we *shall* meet—In the mean time may you live happily here. The world seems to please you: may it please you till your end! I could not die quietly before I had given you this evidence of my sincere love and friendship. Fare you well."

NUMBER III.

"To the Captain of the—"

"Friend of my soul,

"Une seule démarche hazardée m'a mis à

"la merci de tout le monde." Eugen. Act III.

Sc. II. If ever there was foundation for uttering this sentence, I have experienced the cruel truth of it. Eight years ago I took one irrevocable step; and all that has followed since, I mean since the instant I took upon me —'s debts, were consequences that did not depend upon me, even till the present day of my death. Yes, my good friend, when you read these lines, my

soul

Soul will be far distant from this body. Look not upon me with contempt for my manner of quitting the world. Did you but know all that I have suffered, you would pity me. I now find myself in a maze, out of whose windings there is no other out-let. The step I am about to take is not a hasty one; it has long been in my head, and all has been tried to avoid it. Even now there is no hasty despair. For these four weeks past has the last day of this month been fixed upon for the time of my departure, yet always with the steady design to find, if it were possible, some other consummation. As none has been found, I must embrace this, the only one left me. If I am so copious in explaining the reasons of my conduct, it is only to convince you that if I have not done right, it is merely from want of power, since, if I could have found a better way, I would.

I prize your friendship to the day of my death, and even beyond. Believe not the cries which you will hear raised about me from all quarters. Those who have been the foremost in my ruin, and have long since made their money again by the interest they have received, will be the loudest in their cries. And yet it is a cruel consideration to me that any man will lose any thing by me! Yet, good God! I have not been able to do otherwise, I have done all in my power; but nothing would serve but I must become the stone torn from the roof by the wind, to wound every passenger that passed by.

What rejoices me most is that you will have my Company; it is some satisfaction to me that my men will fall to you. They are right picked, true and good men. That however the possession of a Company should be able to make you happy, is a thing I more wish for

Franklin hopes. I lament from my heart that I leave you behind in a world where honesty is so far from being an advantage to any man, (I mean honesty in the true sense of the word, not in that we hear it talked of in all day long) that it does him harm. What pains me the most at my death is my worthy Handel (the name of his man) who will lose by me. I beseech you by all your friendship take him to yourself, for he is entirely deserving. I am like Socrates, who recommended his children to his friends. Had I anything I would bequeath it, but I have only my ring which I have worn eight years on my finger without taking it off; wear it, and may you fulfil the motto *Souvenez vous de moi*; I have loved no man more, or with a love more founded on esteem than I have done you. It is a great satisfaction to me, once and once more do I repeat it, it is a great satisfaction to me that my Company falls to you, for all my men are good, and it rejoices me that they will be in good hands. When you see Lehman, greet him from me, and tell him that I hope, when he gets me under his anatomical knife, he may strike out something from me that may be useful to mankind. Useless as I have been to every body, ah, woe is me! in my life, it is some comfort to me to think I may be of use after death.

"The hour of my departure draws near, my mind is calm. Think often on him who, to the last moment of his life, was your friend."

"You Arenswald."

He likewise wrote (continues the editor) a very sensible letter to a young unmarried woman; but of this I have seen so incorrect a copy, that I shall only attempt a summary of the contents.

rents. After taking an affectionate farewell of her, he gives her the best and wisest advice how to gain and preserve the love of her future husband, he then enters into a detail on the education of children, and the love and reverence they ought to be taught to have for their elders, on all which, as well as upon all the weightiest concerns of life, he says things that would do honour to the head and heart of a Beaumont. In all this part he goes deeply into the character of the person he is writing to, distinguishes her faults and virtues, and praises, blames, warns, intreats, and conjures, like a dying friend. It is impossible for any man who reads this letter to keep from love and admiration of the unfortunate young man who wrote it.

NUMBER V.

"Friend,

This satisfaction also must I afford myself once more—to converse with thee before I die. Yes, friend of my heart, when this shall come to your hands, it will be all over with me. But what shall I be?—A weighty enquiry, which I cannot resolve, but about the solution of which I am not solicitous. Justice, upon the whole, there must be, but on this wretched cloud it is not to be found.—Man too may, I hope, reach a higher rank.—The step I take is not a hasty one, it has been thought of for some years, and was as good as determined on in the pleasurable days we spent together, rejoicing at your good fortune. For some weeks past the day has been fixed—Heaven knows with what anxiety I have sought to avoid the cruel alternative, but in vain.—For as long as I can remember, it has been my endeavour to act uprightly: Fatal

will it be if a single action should make me unworthy of your esteem. Good night, friend of my heart. I shall sleep only four times more in this world. Hereafter it is probable we shall not sleep.

25th Sept. 1781. — Friend,

"The hour is approaching. — Believe that there are many moments in which I wait impatiently for the winding up; but I have fixed on Saturday, and will not shorten any part of the appointed time. If quietness at the last moment is a proof of the rectitude of any system, then mine is a good one.

"No thought oppresses me but that of leaving creditors behind me.

"Will your ideas for grow together as we think?

"The more knowledge a man has, the better he must be. — That does not follow. Knowledge and virtue may meet, and they often do; but they are not connected and linked together, like cause and effect, so that the substratum of the one must be the substratum of the other. Experience is loud against it; it deposes to the truth of the verse, *Videtur meliora persequi, detriora sequi*.

"Adorable Being! Eternal verity, uprightness and good! I honour thee, now in dust, and thank thee, according to my power, for the prospect.

"The friendship of our youth, the most elevated of our perceptions, will it also revive again? Will it improve with our faculties? O friends, how unspeakably will I love thee then, I who so heartily have loved thee here!

"I trust

"I trust I need not recommend to thee my
Handel. He was more my friend than my ser-
 vant."

"The hour draws near; the pistols are load-
 ed, and eleven letters sealed—this is ready—and
 thus ends the life here—I hope for a better, and
 am, in the last instant of my life, intirely your
 friend,"

"V. Arenswold."

"29 Sept. half after eleven at night"

NUMBER VI.

"My dear Sir,

"Of all my young friends you were the
 loved most, with whom I had the greatest sym-
 pathy, nor can I go out of the world without
 leaving you a small memorial of my friendship.
 When this reaches you, you will receive, at the
 same time, the news of my death."

"You know that I never took weighty steps
 without thinking of them, and that my heart was
 good and upright. Blame me not, therefore,
 for precipitation or despair. I have thought
 on it long and deeply, and prefer death to scorn
 and contempt. I was a true friend; be one to
 me when I am gone, and think of me when the
 world has long forgotten me. We shall meet
 again; after you have shed some tears of sensi-
 bility over my grave, forget not that too inor-
 dinate benevolence, and too little discrimination
 between the vices and virtues of those who have
 abused my friendship, have been the causes of
 my death. Be upon your guard against your
 own heart, and beware of those men who have
 friendship on the tongue, but feel none. Adieu,
 my worthy friend, thine ever,"

But I

K 4

The

The editor makes these pious and rational reflections on this catastrophe.

" Had Admiral Ry, who had more debts than Von Arenwald, put an end to his life, he would not have beat the Spanish fleet, he would not have taken St. Eustatia, he would not have paid his debts. This is unanswerable; but, as Rousseau has well observed in his fine letter on self-murder, it is the same case with every man almost who kills himself. Notwithstanding some appearances to the contrary, and some real virtues, Von Arenwald, and whoever puts an end to his existence, when he has a single tradesman to pay, obligations to friends or country to discharge, a wife to support, or children to protect from the reproach which always hangs to those who belong to a self-murderer, is foolish and cowardly: because he skulks from obligations we are all bound by; and thinks not of the revolutions * which have so often raised the lowest.—Of the revolutions which the man who possesses himself, though he has lost all, may experience.—As to the few cases which may not come within this description, that for instance, if such a man can exist, of a man given over by all his physicians, torn by an excruciating disorder, and eating the substance of a family who want it, it is certain that Christianity only can restrain a man under such circumstances, but then Christianity will do it; and the great idea that we are sustaining painful parts in a drama,

* Multa dies variusque labor mutabilis ævi
 Rettulit in melius, multos alterna revivens
 Lust, et in solido rursus fortuna locavit.

" where

"The editor makes these pious and rational
 "where all things work together for good,
 "that we shall not lose our reward, will
 "port the man who trusts at such
 "a state.
 "he would not have taken St. Eustatia, he would
 "not have paid his debts. This is unanswer-
 "able; but as Rousseau has well observed in
 "his fine letter on self-murder, it is the same
 "case with every man almost who kills himself.
 "Notwithstanding some appearances to the
 "contrary, and some real virtues, Von Armin
 "wails, and whoever puts an end to his exil-
 "ence, when he has a single tradesman to pay,
 "obligations to friends or country to discharge,
 "a wife to support, or children to protect from
 "the reproach which always hangs to those
 "who belong to a self-murderer, is foolish and
 "cowardly; because he shrinks from obliga-
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 "sicians, torn by an excruciating disorder, and
 "eating the substance of a family who want it,
 "it is certain that Christianity only can restrain
 "a man under such circumstances, but then
 "Christianity will do it; and the great idea
 "that we are sustaining painful parts in a drama

* Multa dies variisque labor metabilis exi
 Retrahit in medium, multos alterna revolvit
 Luctus, et in solida furas torrens locavit.

where

Sir TRENTISAN'S Adventure with DESPAIR.

From SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

BOOK I. CANTO I.

STANZA 27.

I lately chaunc'd (would I had never chaunc'd)
With a fair knight to keepe company,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himself advanc'd
In all affairs, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy be
He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
That him again lov'd in the least degree;
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joy'd to see her lover languish and lament.

28.

From whom returning sad and comfortless,
As on the way together we did fair,
We met that villain (God from him me bless)
That curs'd wight, from whom I 'scap'd
whylear,
A man of hell, that calls himself Despair;
Who first us greets, and after fair arceeds
Of tidings strange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as snake in hidden weeds,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deeds.

29.

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble hearts
Emboss'd with bale, and bitter biting grief,
Which love had launced with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and terms of foul reproof,
That

That earst us held in love of lingring life;
 Then hopeless, heartless, 'gan the cunning thief
 Persuade us die, to flint all further strife;
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.

FROM SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

30.

With which sad instruments of hasty death,
 That woful lover, loathing longer light,
 A wide way made to let forth living breath,
 But I more fearful, or more lucky wight,
 Dismay'd with that deformed dismal sight,
 Fled fast away, half dead with dying fear;
 Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
 Whose like infirmity like chaunce may bear:
 But God you never let his charmed speeches hear.

How many a man (said he) with idle speech
 Be won, to spoil the castle of his health;
 I wote (quoth he) who trial late did teach,
 That like would not for all this worldes wealth:
 His subtle tongue, like dropping honey, melteth
 Into the heart, and searcheth every vein;
 That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His power is rest, and weakness both remain.
 O! never, Sir, desire to try his guileful train.

Certes (said he) hence shall I never rest,
 Till I that treachour I have heard and try'd;
 And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
 Of grace do me unto his cabin guide.
 I that hight I revivany (quoth he) will ride
 (Against my liking) back, to do you grace,
 But not for gold nor gles will I abide
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
 For heier had I die, than see his deadly face.

33.

Ere long, they come, where that same wicked
 wight
 His dwelling has, low in a hollow cave,
 Far underneath a craggy cliff yight,
 Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carion carcales doth crave:
 On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owl,
 Shrieking his baleful ote, which ever drave
 Far from that haunt all other chearful fowl:
 And all about it wandering ghosts did wail and
 howl.

34.

And all about, old flocks and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruit, nor leaf was ever seen,
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
 On which had many wretches hanged been,
 Whose carcales were scatter'd on the green,
 And thrown about the clift. Arrived there,
 That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful
 teen,

Would faine have fled, he durst approachen near:
 But th' other forc'd him stay, and comforted in
 fear.

35.

The darkness cave they enter, where they find
 That curld man, low sitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his fullen mind,
 His greazy locks, long growing and unbound,
 Disorder'd hung about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
 Look'd deadly dull, and stared as a stound;
 His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
 Were shronk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

36.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
 With thorns together pin'd and patched was,
 The which his naked sides he wrapp'd abouts:

And

And him beside there lay upon the grass
 A dreary corse, whole life away did pass,
 All wallow'd in his own yet luke-warm blood,
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas;
 In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

37.
 Which piteous spectacle, approving true
 The woful tale that Trevisan had told;
 When as the gentle Red-cross knight did view,
 With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold,
 Him to avenge, before his blood were cold:
 And to the villain said; thou damned wight,
 The author of this fact, we here behold,
 What justice can but judge against thee right,
 With thine own blood to prize his blood, here
 shed in fight.

38.
 What frantic fit (quoth he) hath thus brought,
 Thee foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
 What justice ever other judgment taught,
 But he should die, who merits not to live?
 None else to death this man despairing drive,
 But his own guilty mind deserving death.
 Is then unjust to each his doom to give?
 Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
 Or let him die at ease, that liveth here unceasing?

39.
 Who travels by the weary wandering way,
 To come unto his wished home in haste;
 And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay,
 Is not great grace to help him over-past,
 Or free his feet, that in the mire stick fast?

40.
 And thus he said, and then he turned away,
 And left the villain to his fate;
 And thus he said, and then he turned away,
 And left the villain to his fate;

Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour's
 good,
 And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
 Why will not let him pass, that long hath stood
 Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

40.
 He there does now enjoy eternal rest,
 And happy ease, which thou dost want and
 crave,
 And further from it daily wanderest:
 What if some little pain the passage have,
 That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
 Is not short pain well borne, that brings long
 ease,
 And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave!
 Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
 Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.

41.
 The knight much wondred at his sudden wit,
 And said: The term of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it:
 The soldier may not move from watchful sted,
 Nor leave his stand, until his captain bed.
 Who life did limit by Almighty doom
 (Quoth he) knows best the terms established;
 And he that points the sentinel his room,
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning droom.

42.
 Is not his deed, whatever thing is done,
 In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
 To die again? All ends that was begun;
 Their terms in his eternal book of fate
 Are written sure, and have their certain date.
 Who then can strive with strong necessity,
 That holds the world in his still changing state,
 Or then the death ordain'd by destiny?
 When hour of death is come, let none ask whence,
 nor why.

43.

The longer life, I wote the greater sin,
 The greater sin, the greater punishment,
 All those great battles which thou boasts to win,
 Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
 Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent :
 For, life must life, and blood must blood repay.
 Is not enough thy evil life forespent?
 For he, that once hath missed the right way,
 The further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

44.

Then do not further go, no further stray,
 But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
 Th' ill to prevent, that life ensuen may :
 For, what hath life, that may it loved make,
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
 Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to
 quake,
 And ever fickle fortune rageth rise,
 All which, and thousands more, do make a loath-
 som life.

45.

Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest
 need,
 If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy fate;
 For, never knight that dared warlike deed,
 More luckless adventures did amate.
 Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
 Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call;
 And though good luck prolonged hath thy date,
 Yet death then would the like mishaps fore-
 stall,
 Into the which hereafter thou mayest happen
 fall.

Why

46.

Why then dost thou, O man of sin desire
 To draw thy days forth to their last degree?
 Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquity,
 Against the day of wrath to burden thee?
 Is not enough, that to this lady mild
 Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjury,
 And sold thy self to serve Duessa wild,
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy self deild?

47.

Is not he just, that all this doth behold
 From highest Heaven, and bears an equal eye?
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thy impiety?
 Is not his law, Let every sinner die?
 Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be
 Done,
 Is it not better to do willingly,
 Than linger till the glaſs be all out-run?
 Death is the end of woes; die soon, O fairy's son.

48.

The knight was much enmov'd with his
 speech,
 That as a sword's point through his heart did
 pierce,
 And in his conscience made a secret breach,
 Well knowing true, all that he did rehearse,
 And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
 The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
 That all his manly powers it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with enchanted rimes,
 That oftentimes he quak'd, and fainted oftentimes.

49. In

49.

In which amazement, when the miscreant
 Perceived himself waver weak and frail,
 While trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
 And hellish anguish did his soul assail,
 To drive him to despair, and quite to quail,
 He shew'd him painted in a table plain,
 The damned ghosts, that do in torments wail,
 And thousand fiends that do them endless pain
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall re-
 main.

50.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismay'd,
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
 And ever burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almighty's law:
 Then gan the villain him to overcraw,
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison,
 fire,
 And all that might him to perdition draw,
 And bade him chuse, what death he would de-
 fire:

For death was due to him that had provok'd
 God's ire.

51.

But when as none of them he saw him take,
 He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
 And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
 And tremble like a leaf of aspen green,
 And troubled blood through his pale face was
 seen
 To come and go, with tidings from the heart,
 As if a running messenger had been.
 At last resolv'd to work his final smart,
 He lifted up his hand, that back again did start.

52. Which

52.

Which when as Una saw, through every vein
 The cruddled cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a swoon: but soon reliev'd again,
 Out of his hand she snatch'd the cursed knife,
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rise,
 And to him said; fie, fie, faint-hearted knight,
 What meanest thou by this reproachful strife?
 Is this the battle, which thou vaunt'st to fight
 With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and
 bright?

53.

Come, come away, frail, silly fleshy wight,
 Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
 Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant
 spright;
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
 Why should'st thou then despair, that chosen
 art?
 Where justice grows, there grows eke greater
 grace,
 The which doth quench the brood of hellish
 smart,
 And that accur'd hand-writing doth deface:
 Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leave this cursed
 place.

O D E,

By Mr. THOMAS WARTON.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare
 Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
 O'erhang the craggy road,
 And whistle hollow as they wave;
 Within a solitary grave,
 A wretched Suicide holds his accur'd abode.

Lour'd

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dies,
 Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
 And dimm'd the struggling day;
 As by the brook that lingering laves
 Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
 Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.
 I mark'd his desultory pace,
 His gestures strange, and varying face,
 With many a mutter'd sound;
 And ah! too late aghast I view'd
 The reeking blade, the hand embru'd:
 He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.
 Full many a melancholy night
 He watch'd the slow return of light;
 And sought the pow'rs of sleep,
 To spread a momentary calm
 O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
 Of bland oblivion's dew his burning eyes to steep.
 Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
 He wore his endless noons alone,
 Amid th' autumnal wood:
 Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
 Abrupt the social band to quit,
 And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling
 flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments now,
 Despair for ever in his view,
 A spectre pale, appear'd;
 While, as the shades of eve arose
 And brought the day's unwelcome close,
 More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

"Is this," mistaken Scorn will cry,
 "Is this the youth, whose genius high,
 "Could build the genuine rhyme?
 "Whose bosom mild the favouring muse
 "Had stor'd with all her ample views,
 "Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime?"

Ah!

Ah! from the muse that bosom mild
 By treacherous magic was beguild,
 To strike the deathful blow
 She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
 With many a feeling too refin'd,
 And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of
 woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
 And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
 To griefs congenial prone,
 More wounds than nature gave he knew.
 While Misery's form his fancy drew
 In dark ideal hues, and horrors not it's own.
 Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
 The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
 To drop it's deadly dew:
 Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
 That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
 With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate
 anew.

What though nor marble-piled bust
 Adorn his desolated dust,
 With speaking sculpture wrought?
 Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
 To build a visionary shrine,
 Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions
 brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
 Here viewless mourners shall delight
 To touch the shadowy shell;
 And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
 Of Laura, lost in earliest bloom,
 In melancholy tones shall ring his pensive knell.
 To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,
 This votive dirge sad duty paid,

Within

Within an ivied nook;
 Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
 More radiant, shot its parting ray,
 And thus a cherub voice my charin'd attention
 took.

" Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
 " Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
 " The wreath of glory twine;
 " In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
 " Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,
 " Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds
 " confine.
 " Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
 " Permits through life at large to rove,
 " The tribes of hell-born woe:
 " Yet the same power that wisely lends
 " Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
 " Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled
 foe.

" Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
 " Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing beast,
 " And stay'd the rising storm:
 " Had had the sun of hope appear
 " To gild the darken'd hemisphere,
 " And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted
 form.

" Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
 " To take, what first it deign'd to give
 " Thy tributary breath;
 " In awful expectation plac'd,
 " Await thy doom, nor impious halt
 " To pluck from God's right hand his instru-
 ments of death.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

To the Memory of an unfortunate LADY.

By Mr. POPE.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-
light shade

Invites my step, and points to yonder glade?

'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,

Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a lover's, or a Roman's part;

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire

Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;

The glorious fault of angels and of gods

Thence to their images on earth it flows,

And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,

Dull, sullen prisoners in the body's cage:

Dim lights of life that burn a length of years,

Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,

And close confin'd in their own palate sleep,

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)

Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,

And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;

So flew the soul to it's congenial place,

Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,

Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!

See

See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world be-
 fore,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more!
 Thus, if Eternal Justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children

fall:
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates.
 There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
 (While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
 Lo theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the furies ſteel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
 So periſh all whoſe breast ne'er learn'd to glow
 For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (oh ever injur'd ſhade!)
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rights unpaid?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear,
 Pleas'd thy pale ghos't, or grac'd thy mournful
 bier.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd,
 What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe,
 To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
 What tho' no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,
 Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
 What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be drest,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.

There

There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame,
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not;
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue,
 E'en he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!



THE END.

The EDITOR, having been suddenly called into the Country while the Work was at Press, begs the Indulgence of the Public for the following

ERRATA:

VOL. I.

- P. 4, l. 9, *dele* still.
P. 64, *in the last line*, read comfort !
P. 83, l. 1, *for said*, read told him.
P. 101, l. 5, *for nd*, read and.
P. 102, l. 13, *after*, *does not like*, *dele* him.
P. 117, l. 4, read De St.
P. 123, l. 1, *for even*, read ever.
P. 124, l. 5, *for gravity*, read dignity.
P. 125, l. 4, *for yeterday*, read yesterday.
P. 143, l. 2, *after sun*, read sits.
P. 149, l. 14, *for raised before the door*, read in the front.
P. 150, l. 22, *for cells of Madame*, read apartments of Miss.
P. 154, l. 11, *for encomiums*, read encomium.
P. 165, l. 21, *for evils*, read wills.
P. 168, l. 7, *for various*, read variable.
P. 195, l. 14, *for lead*, read leads.
P. 197, l. 18, &c. *for meet*, read met.
for prejudice, read prejudiced.
for introduce, read introduced.
for walk, read walked.
for feel, read felt.
P. 198, l. 2, *for gained*, read taken a turn round.
P. 200, l. 12, *for often*, read afterward.
P. 203, l. 20, *for one's*, read my.
P. 220, l. 7, *for good*, read favourable.

...the public for the following

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1977-1978

1770-1771. 1772-1773. 1774-1775. 1776-1777. 1778-1779. 1780-1781. 1782-1783. 1784-1785. 1786-1787. 1788-1789. 1790-1791. 1792-1793. 1794-1795. 1796-1797. 1798-1799. 1800-1801. 1802-1803. 1804-1805. 1806-1807. 1808-1809. 1810-1811. 1812-1813. 1814-1815. 1816-1817. 1818-1819. 1820-1821. 1822-1823. 1824-1825. 1826-1827. 1828-1829. 1830-1831. 1832-1833. 1834-1835. 1836-1837. 1838-1839. 1840-1841. 1842-1843. 1844-1845. 1846-1847. 1848-1849. 1850-1851. 1852-1853. 1854-1855. 1856-1857. 1858-1859. 1860-1861. 1862-1863. 1864-1865. 1866-1867. 1868-1869. 1870-1871. 1872-1873. 1874-1875. 1876-1877. 1878-1879. 1880-1881. 1882-1883. 1884-1885. 1886-1887. 1888-1889. 1890-1891. 1892-1893. 1894-1895. 1896-1897. 1898-1899. 1900-1901. 1902-1903. 1904-1905. 1906-1907. 1908-1909. 1910-1911. 1912-1913. 1914-1915. 1916-1917. 1918-1919. 1920-1921. 1922-1923. 1924-1925. 1926-1927. 1928-1929. 1930-1931. 1932-1933. 1934-1935. 1936-1937. 1938-1939. 1940-1941. 1942-1943. 1944-1945. 1946-1947. 1948-1949. 1950-1951. 1952-1953. 1954-1955. 1956-1957. 1958-1959. 1960-1961. 1962-1963. 1964-1965. 1966-1967. 1968-1969. 1970-1971. 1972-1973. 1974-1975. 1976-1977. 1978-1979. 1980-1981. 1982-1983. 1984-1985. 1986-1987. 1988-1989. 1990-1991. 1992-1993. 1994-1995. 1996-1997. 1998-1999. 2000-2001. 2002-2003. 2004-2005. 2006-2007. 2008-2009. 2010-2011. 2012-2013. 2014-2015. 2016-2017. 2018-2019. 2020-2021. 2022-2023. 2024-2025. 2026-2027. 2028-2029. 2030-2031. 2032-2033. 2034-2035. 2036-2037. 2038-2039. 2040-2041. 2042-2043. 2044-2045. 2046-2047. 2048-2049. 2050-2051. 2052-2053. 2054-2055. 2056-2057. 2058-2059. 2060-2061. 2062-2063. 2064-2065. 2066-2067. 2068-2069. 2070-2071. 2072-2073. 2074-2075. 2076-2077. 2078-2079. 2080-2081. 2082-2083. 2084-2085. 2086-2087. 2088-2089. 2090-2091. 2092-2093. 2094-2095. 2096-2097. 2098-2099. 2100-2101. 2102-2103. 2104-2105. 2106-2107. 2108-2109. 2110-2111. 2112-2113. 2114-2115. 2116-2117. 2118-2119. 2120-2121. 2122-2123. 2124-2125. 2126-2127. 2128-2129. 2130-2131. 2132-2133. 2134-2135. 2136-2137. 2138-2139. 2140-2141. 2142-2143. 2144-2145. 2146-2147. 2148-2149. 2150-2151. 2152-2153. 2154-2155. 2156-2157. 2158-2159. 2160-2161. 2162-2163. 2164-2165. 2166-2167. 2168-2169. 2170-2171. 2172-2173. 2174-2175. 2176-2177. 2178-2179. 2180-2181. 2182-2183. 2184-2185. 2186-2187. 2188-2189. 2190-2191. 2192-2193. 2194-2195. 2196-2197. 2198-2199. 2200-2201. 2202-2203. 2204-2205. 2206-2207. 2208-2209. 2210-2211. 2212-2213. 2214-2215. 2216-2217. 2218-2219. 2220-2221. 2222-2223. 2224-2225. 2226-2227. 2228-2229. 2230-2231. 2232-2233. 2234-2235. 2236-2237. 2238-2239. 2240-2241. 2242-2243. 2244-2245. 2246-2247. 2248-2249. 2250-2251. 2252-2253. 2254-2255. 2256-2257. 2258-2259. 2260-2261. 2262-2263. 2264-2265. 2266-2267. 2268-2269. 2270-2271. 2272-2273. 2274-2275. 2276-2277. 2278-2279. 2280-2281. 2282-2283. 2284-2285. 2286-2287. 2288-2289. 2290-2291. 2292-2293. 2294-2295. 2296-2297. 2298-2299. 2300-2301. 2302-2303. 2304-2305. 2306-2307. 2308-2309. 2310-2311. 2312-2313. 2314-2315. 2316-2317. 2318-2319. 2320-2321. 2322-2323. 2324-2325. 2326-2327. 2328-2329. 2330-2331. 2332-2333. 2334-2335. 2336-2337. 2338-2339. 2340-2341. 2342-2343. 2344-2345. 2346-2347. 2348-2349. 2350-2351. 2352-2353. 2354-2355. 2356-2357. 2358-2359. 2360-2361. 2362-2363. 2364-2365. 2366-2367. 2368-2369. 2370-2371. 2372-2373. 2374-2375. 2376-2377. 2378-2379. 2380-2381. 2382-2383. 2384-2385. 2386-2387. 2388-2389. 2390-2391. 2392-2393. 2394-2395. 2396-2397. 2398-2399. 2400-2401. 2402-2403. 2404-2405. 2406-2407. 2408-2409. 2410-2411. 2412-2413. 2414-2415. 2416-2417. 2418-2419. 2420-2421. 2422-2423. 2424-2425. 2426-2427. 2428-2429. 2430-2431. 2432-2433. 2434-2435. 2436-2437. 2438-2439. 2440-2441. 2442-2443. 2444-2445. 2446-2447. 2448-2449. 2450-2451. 2452-2453. 2454-2455. 2456-2457. 2458-2459. 2460-2461. 2462-2463. 2464-2465. 2466-2467. 2468-2469. 2470-2471. 2472-2473. 2474-2475. 2476-2477. 2478-2479. 2480-2481. 2482-2483. 2484-2485. 2486-2487. 2488-2489. 2490-2491. 2492-2493. 2494-2495. 2496-2497. 2498-2499. 2500-2501. 2502-2503. 2504-2505. 2506-2507. 2508-2509. 2510-2511. 2512-2513. 25

1950-1951

[Faint, illegible text]

1914-15

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Michael Jones, David, 1911, 1912, 1913

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24/10/51 Sun. Very cold, no wind.

ERRATA.

VOL. II.

- P. 3, *last line, for this, read the.*
- P. 4, l. 8, *for respect, read repent.*
- P. 16, l. 12, *for carelessness, read indifference.*
- P. 25, l. 13, *for d'Arbon, read Arbon.*
- P. 28, l. 21, *dele my.*
- P. 32, *last line, add;*

This is a specimen, Constantia, of my daily soliloquies. Yet what do I gain by these conflicts? My heart faints in the strife, and insensibly I sink into a desperate languor. But it is time to conclude. Adieu! My tears stream afresh, and render her own characters illegible to the writer.

- P. 33, l. 9, *for illess, read illness.*
- P. 46, l. 13, *dele my.*
- P. 67, l. 18, *for villager, read village.*
- P. 74, l. 3, *forges, read forms.*
- P. 144, l. 10, *for I will not, read it would be unjust to.*
- P. 160, l. 7, *for proposed, read possessed.*
- P. 172, l. 9, *dele my letter.*

E R A T A

Vol. II

1. The first of the two volumes of the
2. second edition of the work is
3. now in the hands of the
4. printer, and will be ready for
5. publication in the month of
6. January, 1851.

This is a continuation of the
series, and will contain the
history of the country from the
time of the first settlement to
the present day. It is intended
to be a complete and accurate
history of the country, and will
be of great value to the
reader.

The second volume of the
series is now in the hands of
the printer, and will be ready
for publication in the month
of February, 1851.

The third volume of the
series is now in the hands of
the printer, and will be ready
for publication in the month
of March, 1851.

